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THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

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VIII.

EVILS OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM (*continued*).

Our present telegraph system is a menace to the national strength in time of war. The telegraph is one of the most important instruments of war, and the nation ought to own the system on military grounds even if there were no other reason. This argument was presented by the Committee on Ways and Means in 1845 (House Rep. 187, 28-2), was urged upon Congress by Postmaster-Generals Cave Johnson and Creswell (whose views were approved by John Wanamaker in 1890),¹ and doubtless had something to do with Gen. Grant's advocacy of national ownership of the telegraph. The telegraph is the nervous system of the nation. What sort of a nation is it that does not own its own nervous system? Imagine A in a fight with B having to ask a third man C to send a message to his (A's) foot to kick B. C might not be much interested in A's success, or he might even be friendly with B, and the message would be apt to be delayed and the kick come off too late to do A any good. C might even give B a hint of the message before it was sent to A's foot, or he might send a message that would make the foot kick some other part of A's anatomy. We have seen as an actual fact that during the Rebellion the Government's messages to the troops were not safe in the hands of the private telegraph. To a large extent during the war and since, the Government has found it necessary to build its own military lines, thus establishing two systems where one federal plant

¹ Wanamaker's Arg. pp. 150, 154.

would be amply sufficient to do the whole business military and civil. It is true that in time of war the Government has the right to impress the telegraph into its service, but this is a very expensive and inefficient plan. The servant of C is not as good a medium for A's business as A's own servant. Men selected and paid by Jay Gould cannot be relied on to serve the Government as well as men selected and paid by the Government. If so, why not let the king of the Western Union choose the soldiers and pay and discharge them as well as the operators? No general would care to fight the nation's battles with regiments selected and paid by Gould and subject to his discharge. And a private telegraph impressed by the Government would be as inferior to a consolidated system owned by the Government and manned by its servants, as armies hired, paid, disciplined, and discharged by Gould, Vanderbilt and company would be inferior to the Grand Army of the Republic.

A private telegraph system is not merely a weakness in war time, it constitutes even in time of peace a very serious breach of the law of coherence, which is a most important element in social strength and evolution. What cohesion is to a bar of iron, social coherence is to a nation, — wherever antagonisms or repellent forces are at work among the molecules there is a weakness that may in case of strain produce a break. Unity of interest is the cement, the cohesive force that binds the molecules of society together and makes the whole compact and strong. If there's a place in the iron where cohesion is weak, we call it a flaw. The antagonism of interest between the public and a giant corporation constitutes a similar weakness, — a dangerous flaw in the structure of society. The antagonism between the corporation and its employees is another flaw. Every great combination of capital or labor that exists for a selfish purpose is like a big knot in a board, — it may be very solid and strong in itself, but it weakens the board, — the lines between itself and the rest of the structure are lines of cleavage.

The case is even worse than these analogies would indicate. The areas of antagonism above referred to are not merely flaws, they are areas of corrosion as well — they constitute not only a weakness, but a scene of destructive warfare among the molecules and groups of molecules. For fifty years the line between the Western Union and

the public has been a line of battle. Investigation after investigation has been made, clouds of witnesses have been called, enormous expense has been entailed. In Congress after Congress the war has been waged. Miles of petitions have been circulated, tons of matter printed, years of speeches delivered, hundreds of thousands of dollars and incalculable energies wasted.² Capital, too, has fought the great monopoly to conquer the right to share its enormous gains. Millions of dollars have been spent to build entirely useless competing lines for the sole purpose of worrying the monopolists into buying up the said lines and admitting their projectors to membership in the Western Union. Labor also has added the wastes of its own rebellions to all the rest. Twice the joint between the company and its employees has broken open clear across the continent, and it has cost a deal of money to pay the damages and get the breaks patched up. All the physical wastes and the spiritual neglects, retardations, and debasements that have resulted from these various antagonisms would have been avoided had the Federal Government followed Henry Clay's advice and established a national telegraph in 1844. Weakness, waste, and demoralization result from antagonism of interest. Strength,

² The very separation of the work of transmitting intelligence into two distinct branches necessitates waste and conflict. The post office and the telegraph belong together as being parts of the same business. To sever the carrying of intelligence by wire from the carrying of intelligence by mail, and establish a separate plant for each part of the work, is about as sensible as it would be to sever the carrying of passengers and the carrying of freight, and establish a separate plant for each part of the railroad business, — no, it is not quite so sensible, for the post office and the telegraph subtract from each other, and so add direct aggression to the indirect aggression of economic waste — in the hands of a progressive management the already great subtraction might easily go so far that the telegraph would rob the post office of the larger part of its most profitable business, the letter mail between large cities, and leave it only the inferior letter mail and the book and paper carriage on which it makes a heavy loss. Postmaster-General Cave Johnson clearly understood the aggression which the telegraph in private hands has made upon the postal business, and the further aggression which it has power to make by lowering rates and adopting more rapid methods between the centres of population. He said in 1845-6: "The department created under the Constitution and designed to exercise exclusive power for the transmission of intelligence, must necessarily be superseded in much of its most important business if the telegraph be permitted to remain under the control of individuals. . . . It becomes, then, a question of great importance how far the Government will allow individuals to divide with it the business of transmitting intelligence — an important duty confided to it by the Constitution necessarily and properly exclusive. Experience teaches that if individual enterprise is allowed to perform such portions of the business of the Government as it may find for its advantage, the Government will soon be left to perform unprofitable portions of it only, and must be driven to abandon it entirely, or carry it on at a heavy tax upon the treasury."

economy, and development come from unity of interest, partnership, co-operation, public ownership.³

The root of nearly all our difficulties with the telegraph is the simple fact that the business is owned by a *great selfish monopoly in private control*.⁴ No one of these elements alone would cause the mischiefs we have complained of, but all combined are capable of any conceivable demonism. In the open field of competition, the battle between a given individual or corporation, C, and others in the same business produces in some degree a unity of interest between C and the public he serves, — the public interest requires good service at low cost, and C's interest requires that he shall give good service at low cost, because, under real competition, that is the only way he can outstrip his rivals — it is a unity dearly bought, being purchased by endless wastes and demoralizations incident to the struggles between employer and employer and employee and employee, and it is not a complete, hearty, spontaneous, reliable unity, but a partial, reluctant, compulsory, rebellious unity — yet it is a unity of real advantage to the public and vastly preferable to the antago-

³Unify the interests of men in such a way that they can know and feel the unity, and they will work together in the common interest. Through unity of interest a lasting coherence and harmonious co-operation is gained. Society is built on such unities and co-operations, and civilization is measured by the proportion they bear to the total of human interests and activities. Unity of interest in respect to a property or business requires common ownership; for if one owns and another does not, the interests of the two will be diverse, — the former desiring income from the property, the latter desiring good service at as low a cost as possible. In the case of a property or business affecting a city, State, or nation, the common ownership requisite to unity of interest is ownership by the city, State, or nation affected, *i. e.*, public ownership.

⁴It would probably be enough to say "a great monopoly in private control." In the present state of civilization, the chance that a private monopoly of the telegraph would be managed in an unselfish and philanthropic spirit is hardly one in a billion. Men who think first of the service they can render their fellow-men and second of personal profit do not accumulate sufficient wealth to buy the control of the telegraph. Men who do acquire vast property do not regard it as a public trust, — we have not got that far yet — our youth are not trained that way, — they are taught that it is right to get all they can out of private property — they would not take a man by the throat and compel him to hand over his earnings, they would call that highway robbery, but they will use the mighty power of accumulated wealth in the presence of needy labor to compel multitudes of men to hand over their earnings and do it with a clear conscience — and therein appears one great advantage of public property — the code of morals we teach those same young men impresses upon them the truth that public property is to be administered for the public good and that it is a fraud to use public property and position for individual aggrandizement, — the very same man that will administer private wealth with sole regard to private profit will conscientiously administer public wealth with sole regard to service, — with him the rule is private wealth for private profit and public wealth for public profit, profit in the latter case being identical with service, — the true rule is, both private wealth and public for the service of humanity.

nism that results when C and his rivals combine into a great monopoly and turn all their guns on the public and the employees, who have no longer any competing concern to resort to in case of high rates or bad service on the part of C. The antagonism between C and his rivals affords a certain protection to the public. Unifying the interests of C and his rivals in a private monopoly opens the gap between them and the public,—transfers the scene of hostilities. Instead of C *vs.* C₁, in a race to please the public, and trip each other up, the case becomes C + C₁ *vs.* the public. The public says, "That won't do, you rascals; stop that union business and go to racing and fighting again; I've got no chance if you join against me." Anti-trust laws are passed and ringing decisions are rendered against monopoly, but every day new combinations are formed, in obedience to the great law of industrial gravitation—a higher law than any that Congress can make—a law which expresses the irresistible attraction between rival concerns arising from a clear understanding of the enormous saving of industrial force and the vast increase of profits to be derived from union and co-operation. When men became intelligent enough to understand the advantages of working together in groups of tens, hundreds, or thousands, great factories were built and large corporations were organized. Now that men are becoming intelligent enough to understand the advantages of more extensive combinations, colossal trusts and monopolies are being constructed. A little further along the road mankind will know enough to make the union all inclusive and thus secure to the fullest extent the benefits of combination and co-operation without the disadvantage of any outstanding antagonism or residual conflict to be intensified by the growth of union on either side of the line.

The public is pinched by private monopoly; it got along better with free competition; but the remedy is not to go backward to competition, but forward to fuller co-operation,—keep the monopoly, for it means internal economy, but make it a public monopoly instead of a private one, so that it may mean justice as well as economy. Stopping the war between C and his rivals with all its wastes and debasements is an admirable thing—but the advantages of the union ought not to be monopolized by a few individuals, nor its strength become a means of extortion in their hands,—the benefits of these unions should be justly distributed over the whole com-

munity, which can only be done satisfactorily and certainly by putting the ownership of the union in the community.

It may be thought that justice and the public good could be attained by careful legislation controlling the telegraph,⁵ but that is a mistake — it is easier for the telegraph to control the law than for the law to control the telegraph in the hands of private monopolists. Usually their influence with our legislatures is sufficient to enable them to have the law made as they wish. If not, they can almost always defy it with impunity,— refuse compliance entirely, ignore the statute, or render half-hearted, inefficient, worthless obedience, worse than open defiance,— and if suit is brought to enforce the law they resort to all possible delays, technicalities, and annoyances, escape through the disagreement of a jury or a quibble in the judge's charge, or if at last the case is decided against them, they pay the fine or damages, and keep right on breaking the law, quite ready to have the litigation all over again as many times as may be necessary to tire out their enemies. Two laws only are strong enough to grapple with corporate monopoly — the law that forfeits the franchise for unlawful conduct, and the law that takes the franchise for public use, — those are the laws we must get enforced, for they alone can do the work with certainty and completeness. Regulation is a clumsy, costly failure. You pay one man to do the work and another man to watch him. You hire a horse to draw your load and then engage another horse to run alongside and kick the first one if he balks or bites his mate or throws mud over the dasher. You don't get rid of the antagonism of interest between the monopoly and the

⁵ National legislation forbidding the consolidation of telegraph lines and the watering of stock is suggested by some who recognize a portion of the evils of the present *regime*, but do not wish to change the system entirely. In regard to this suggestion the New Haven *Palladium* says: "The ineffectiveness of legislation to prevent the consolidation of competing railways has too often been illustrated to leave any ground for expecting lasting relief from that source. As in the past so in the future will corporations find a way to circumvent the law. The only hope is in a competition that can neither be bought off nor consolidated out of existence. The Government alone can secure such competition by constructing a postal telegraph." We may add that the law of 1866 expressly forbade consolidation of telegraph companies, but it has not had the slightest effect,— the companies have consolidated regardless of the law. For statements by Mr. Hubbard, Mr. McCabe, and others showing the impossibility of stopping discrimination by regulative measures, see I. T. U. Hearings, 29, 33, and 46. The Hon. Marion Butler hit the nail on the head as usual when he said that regulation was "merely attempting to palliate something without removing the cause that is hostile to good government." *Id.* 46. As for the absolute economies that would be effected by union with the post office, no one dreams that they could be achieved by regulation.

public, you only give the monopoly a new motive to corrupt your officials, and add a few names to the salary list you have to pay. Even without corruption the monopoly can often evade the law. It can keep its books in such a way as to give an appearance of value to stock that is really water. Once issued and sold in part to *bona fide* purchasers for value, and the courts will refuse to sustain a law that cuts off reasonable dividends from the stock, water or no water. It is a mere matter of book-keeping to defeat in the courts any law reducing the telegraph tariff to anything like the just level, and as for provisions relating to service or treatment of employees, it would probably cost four times as much to enforce them against an unwilling management as all obtainable results would be worth. The only way that regulative measures could be successful would be to make them so stringent that the directors of the company would become practically the agents of the people, bound to manage the business in the interest of the public. Such measures would amount to confiscation to public use — a sort of public ownership without compensation, for control is the essence of ownership — an unjust public ownership and unstable and inefficient because the trustee would be out of accord with the *cestui*, would serve him unwillingly and take advantage of every opportunity to beat him. As we have before remarked, one D elected and paid by W to serve W, and compelled by G to serve G, will not be as reliable a servant of G as one elected and paid by G. Regulation cannot transform the telegraph into a service of the people carried on for the public benefit instead of the benefit of the magnates, unless the regulation is pushed to practical confiscation, and even then it will be the lame, reluctant, insecure, half-way service of a conquered province. The Interstate Commerce Act and the Anti-Trust law are good examples of the fate awaiting efforts to regulate or control monopolies — dead failures both of them in respect to the main purposes of enactment, — a heavy drain on the public purse, with almost no benefit except the aid the experience gives in teaching our people that regulation will not accomplish the good they desire.

The owner of a business is going to control the business in his own interest, not in your interest. The owner of the drug store down at the corner is not going to sell you goods at cost, he is going to make all he can out of you. You

must go into partnership with him or open a store of your own if you want to get goods at cost and be sure of their quality. It is a good deal better for you to own a flourishing business yourself than to have some one else own it all. And these simple facts are as true of Uncle Sam and the telegraph as they are of you and the drug store. If the people want the telegraph run in their interest they must own the telegraph. If you had a chance to vote yourself into partnership in a business the profits of which were six or eight millions a year, and could do it without injustice to any one since a partnership right at your option was reserved to you in the deed that granted the franchise, wouldn't you cast the vote? I guess you would. Isn't it queer Uncle Sam doesn't do the same thing?

The fact that *private monopoly* is a potent factor in the causation of telegraphic evils is fully recognized in the reports and discussions of the subject. The Committee on Railroads said:

In order to intelligently conclude as to the proper remedy for the evils sought to be cured, to wit, the great existing monopoly of the business of transmitting telegraph despatches, etc.⁶

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker told the Bingham committee that the Western Union "practically controls the business of telegraphing in this country and between the United States and foreign countries."⁷ And in his printed argument he quotes approvingly the words of Isidor Rayner, chairman of the Committee on Commerce:

The great question that underlies the discussion of this measure [the Glover telegraph bill] is whether we are not in the hands of a monopoly that not only has the right to fix its charges arbitrarily, but can crush opposition whenever it encounters it. Of these monopolies I submit that the telegraph system of this country, substantially owned and controlled by one man, is the worst and most dangerous of them all. . . . It is no longer safe or expedient to intrust into the hands of one overpowering monopoly the telegraphic business of this country. It is a power that not only can be used, but has been perverted for purposes hostile to the best interests of the people. The markets of the country, its finances, and its commercial interests to so large an extent depend upon the honest and honorable administration of the management of the business of this company that the people are in no mood to repose a trust of this character any longer without competition in the hands of a stock-jobbing corporation, whose managers, in the nature of things, have not the slightest

⁶ Sen. Rep. 805, 45-3, p. 1.

⁷ Bingham Hearings, p. 2.

interest for the public good, but are alone concerned in the aggrandizement of their own fortunes.⁸

It is true that the Western Union is not the only company in operation — there are little companies here and there that do a small local business, and there is the Mackay concern, delusively called the Postal Telegraph Company, which is the only outstanding system capable of substantial competition with the Western Union, and with it the Western Union has an agreement that prevents competition. Wanamaker says:

Many telegraph companies have been established from time to time, but to-day there are but two independent companies. All but one have been in some form identified with the one corporation, and the one to be excepted, that is not yet known to have surrendered, is admittedly operated in concert with the other by joint traffic agreement.⁹

The Western Union has also "a compact with the Bell Telephone Company by which the Bell Company is restricted in the use of the telephone so that it will not come into competition with the telegraph."¹⁰ The Western Union has contracts with the railways excluding other telegraph companies from the privileges enjoyed by the Western Union in respect to right of way, freight rates on poles, wire, etc.¹¹ We have already seen how the understanding between the telegraph monopoly and the news monopoly works to sustain both and

⁸ House Rep. 955, 50-1, p. 2; Wanamaker's Arg. p. 5; I. T. U. Hearings, p. 34; *The Voice*, Aug. 8, 1895, p. 1.

⁹ Postmaster-General's Rep., Dec. 5, 1892, p. 24. The admission of the existence of such an agreement between the two companies was made by Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union, in his second testimony before the Bingham committee, p. 2. See also I. T. U. Hearings, p. 39, statement of Congressman Maguire: "The Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph Company, having completed their systems, and finding that there was still a very large margin which they could divide between them above interest on the actual cost of the plants of both companies, formed a sort of pool, and proceeded to charge the old prices, rendering practically no better service than was rendered originally by the old company, and not at all benefitting the people."

¹⁰ Victor Rosewater, in *The Voice*, Aug. 29, 1895, p. 1. See *Elec. Eng.*, Aug. 28, 1895.

¹¹ Testimony of Dr. Green before the Hill committee. See Sen. Rep. 577, or the quotation in *The Voice*, June 6, 1895, p. 8. Railway men tell me that the interlocking of railway and Western Union interests would of itself render successful competition with the Western Union an impossibility in respect to the greater part of the country. In many cases the Western Union builds lines and supplies machinery, railway employees run the offices, transact railway and commercial business, turn over fifty per cent of the receipts to the Western Union, and carry all Western Union material and employees free. On the other hand, the Western Union contracts to forward railway messages free. The managers of the Western Union have great railway interests, — the managers of railways are largely interested in the Western Union and its profits. As against the people, the railroads and the telegraph constitute substantially one corporation.

"make them," as the Hill committee says, "practically, as against the general public, a single corporation."¹²

Mr. McKinley said to the Bingham committee:

The Western Union Telegraph Company have appeared here against this bill [the Wanamaker bill, merely asking that the Post Office might have the right to rent wires from a private company, — from the Western Union if they would supply the lines]. We are not surprised at the attitude of this company in relation to the proposed legislation. They know the profits on the business and hence will do their utmost to keep competition out of the field. They desire the monopoly of the telegraph business of the future as they have had it in the past. They therefore will, as a matter of business, place every obstruction in the way of this contemplated legislation.¹³

Such are a few of the many striking passages dealing with the monopolistic character of our telegraph system.

It is this fact of a virtual monopoly in private hands that has enabled the Western Union to continue its exorbitant charges, its poor service, its suppression of inventions,¹⁴ its tyranny over the press, and its enormous power and profit. Competition among private companies is out of the question — it has been tried scores of times and has always failed because the companies find it more profitable to combine than to fight — the Kilkenny cat performance may be very amusing to the public, but is not so satisfactory to the cats. With private competition wasteful and impossible, and private monopoly fraught with danger and pregnant with evil, there is nothing left but public ownership.

¹² Sen. Rep. 577. *The Voice*, May 30, 1896, p. 8. I. T. U. Hearings, p. 6. "The moment this bill [establishing a postal telegraph] becomes a law, that moment will the news monopoly be broken."

¹³ Bingham Hearings, McKinley's testimony, p. 29.

¹⁴ Postmaster-General Wanamaker, in his argument, pp. 11, 143-5, gives a list of sixteen inventions practically suppressed in one way or another by the Western Union. They are of little value to the country at present, because they are shelved and refused admittance to their proper place in active service. Some of them are potentially of vital importance, and if given their true place as part of the active telegraph plant of the country, would cheapen and quicken and improve the transmission of intelligence to an astonishing degree (as will appear hereafter); but the people cannot have the benefit of them in any substantial degree until the Western Union has got the wear out of its old plant. Mr. Wanamaker says: "I have had enumerated perhaps a score of devices already patented for the purpose of cheapening and quickening the telegraph service, which find no use and no profit under the present conditions. I am sure that many of these inventions are good, but they cannot be got into operation with the field monopolized. The public cannot have the benefit of this rare class of brains, nor can the inventors find a deserved remuneration for their work. The Western Union Company having control of the telegraph business has no use for devices which cheapen and quicken the telegraph service and warrant a claim for reduction of rates (at least if the adoption of the invention would throw the present lines and machinery out of use to a large extent, and so cut

The last point to which the plaintiffs invite the attention of the honorable court upon this branch of the subject is the fact that *private monopoly means taxation without representation*. The monopolist is able to charge more than his service would be worth in a fair competitive market.¹⁵ The difference is not given in exchange for value received, but is a tribute to power, — a tax levied by a privileged class, industrial kings and aristocrats, and collected from the people by compulsion of their necessities — a tax that is levied and collected by a power in which the people have no representation and in sums so great that the tax in resistance to which the patriots of '76 took arms was but a trifle in comparison, — a tax for private purposes without even the pretence of being levied for the public good. Ponder well this startling fact, that private monopoly involves the power of taxation *without representation* and for *private purposes*, — a power which the legislature cannot lawfully confer upon any man or set of men, because it does not possess any such power itself. It can tax or authorize taxation for *public* purposes

a slice out of the company's investment, making considerable expenditure necessary for a new plant in harmony with the improved methods of transmission). The public, not knowing what it misses, cannot become aroused to the defects in methods now in vogue. If once a break is made in this rampart of telegraph monopoly, not only will the men and women who build and use the telegraph find a better market for their skill, but inventors, knowing that their cases are to be tried before an impartial court, will also find a spur to better efforts." (Wan. Arg. p. 11.) The Western Union did adopt the quadruplex twenty-five years ago, because it greatly increased the capacity of their wires with scarcely any additional expense, but since that it has made no advance, except to import the Wheatstone system from England and use it to a small extent.

Among the inventions kept out of use are multiplex systems by which eight, twelve, or even twenty messages can be sent on a single wire; simultaneous systems by which the same wire may be used at the same time for telegraphic and telephonic communications; autographic systems by which the message is reproduced in the handwriting of the sender, and a diagram or picture may be sent by telegraph; printing systems which transmit the message in Roman characters instead of dots and dashes; automatic systems which send thousands of words a minute without any operator at all, the messages being written on typewriters in the telegraph office (or the office of the merchant, lawyer, etc., who sends them), put into a machine (just as a roll of music is put into an orchestrion), and reproduced at the other end in Morse characters or Roman letters corresponding with the original, a whole sheet full in a few seconds at a cost not exceeding 5 cents per 100 words, a fact established after ample experiment and attested by authorities of the highest character, as will be shown hereafter. No wonder Congressman Charles Sumner told the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, March 25, 1884, that "The Western Union has suppressed inventions," adding, "It has done so systematically."

¹⁵ Under real competition consumers pay the actual cost of the service plus a moderate profit; under monopoly they pay the actual cost plus all the traffic will bear. Competition tends toward the lowest price that will allow capital any interest sufficient to induce it to work. Monopoly tends toward the highest price the people will pay rather than go without the monopolist's service.

only,¹⁶ and taxation for the benefit of an enterprise in *private control* is not for a public but for a private purpose, and is beyond the sphere of legislative power.¹⁷ It follows that every grant of a franchise or special privilege is a breach of trust, an act in excess of the authority possessed by the agents of the people, a violation of the fundamental principles of free government, because it tends to establish a monopoly, which, as we have seen, involves taxation without representation and for private purposes, a double infringement of freedom. For centuries the courts have recognized the inherent injustice of monopolies and have declared them void.¹⁸ Even the sovereign power of Queen Elizabeth was held incompetent to create monopolies, because they were detrimental to the interests of the people. By what authority, then, can it be done by the agents of the people elected to conserve their interests? It is fundamental law that an agent must be loyal to the interests of his principal.

The fact is that those who have obtained turnpike, canal, railroad, telegraph, telephone, etc., privileges were cunning enough to call them "franchises," obscure by specious argu-

¹⁶ United States Supreme Court in 20 Wallace, at 664, 106 U. S. 487. See also 58 Me. 590, 2 Dill. 353; Cooley on Taxation, p. 116, and cases there cited.

¹⁷ Judge Dillon in 27 Ia. 51. See also 58 Me. 590.

¹⁸ 11 Coke, 84 b; 79 Ill. 346, at 350; 35 Oh. St. 606; 50 N. J. Eq. 52, and 68 Pa. St. 173, on the coal combine; *State vs. Standard Oil Co.*, 30 N. E. Rep. 279, 290, Oh. March, 1892; *Gibbs vs. Consolidated Gas Co. of Baltimore*, 130 U. S. 396; *People vs. Chicago Gas Trust*, 22 N. E. Rep. 279, Ill. Nov. 26, 1889; see also 121 Ill. 539; *Richardson vs. Buhl*, 77 Mich. 632, *The Diamond Match Trust case*; *The Sugar Trust cases*, 7 N. Y. Sup. 406, and 156 U. S. 1, 11, and 29 Neb. 700 (May 28, 1890), *The Whiskey Trust case*; all affirming that trusts, pools, combinations, and contracts of all kinds that tend to create or maintain a monopoly are void as against public policy. It is established law that the grant of a franchise to a private corporation is a contract (*Dartmouth College case*, 4 Wheat. 518), so that not merely the principle but the letter of these decisions covers such grants and declares them void. Yet strange as it may appear these very courts that affirm the legislative grant of a franchise to be a contract and also affirm that all contracts creating monopolies are void, nevertheless sustain monopolies created by the aforesaid grants,—the courts didn't think about their monopoly decisions when they called these grants contracts, they didn't mean to make them subject to that part of the law of contracts, but only to the part that holds the grantor bound. The very same sort of a grant if made to a town or a city is not a contract at all and does not bind the legislature,—for example, the grant of a right to establish a ferry if made to a private corporation is binding and cannot be repealed or altered unless power to do so was expressly reserved, but if made to a town or city the grant may be repealed or altered at the pleasure of the legislature (10 How., U. S. 511; 31 N. Y. 164, 202-3; 16 Conn. 149; 13 Ill. 30, etc. See Dillon on Municipal Corporations, §§ 52, 54, 68). In other words a grant to ten or a dozen individuals incorporated into a company is a sacred obligation, but a grant to a million individuals incorporated into a great city is no obligation at all,—the grant of a telegraph franchise to the Western Union or Gold and Stock Company is an unchangeable contract, but the grant of a telegraph franchise to the city of New York would be changeable and repealable at the pleasure of the State. Grants to private corporations are contracts

ment their real effect, and back them up in court and legislature with powerful influences until the habit of making such grants became established and the weight of precedent came to their aid. The consequence is that we have the curious spectacle of a government creating monopolies with one hand and trying to choke them with the other, — declaring absolutely void all monopolies formed by agreement among men because monopoly is in its nature contrary to public policy, and sustaining exactly similar, in some cases identical, monopolies established by the agents of the people without an atom of authority to do it, but through a flagrant breach of their trust, and in violation of the fundamental principles of free institutions which, as the highest courts are unanimous in declaring, cannot be set aside even by a direct vote of a majority of the people.¹⁹

The clearest principles of constitutional jurisprudence inherent in the very nature of republican government require its power to be used for public and not for private interests and purposes, — monopoly is against public interest (as appears from its power of limiting freedom of commerce, of exacting more than an equivalent for service rendered, of transferring to B the property of A without consideration, of taxation without representation and for private purposes, — its antagonism to public policy on these and other grounds being fully illustrated and established by the cogent reasoning and strong justice of a long line of decisions from the days of Elizabeth to the present time), therefore the fundamental principles of republican government are broken every time a franchise is granted and every moment a private monopoly is allowed to exist. Equal rights to all, special privileges to none, is the only rule consistent with liberty and justice. It is one of the fundamental axioms of governmental philosophy,

when the court is considering the application of the constitutional provision against impairing contract obligations, and not contracts when the court is considering the principle that contracts tending to create monopolies are against public policy, — contracts so far as necessary to enable the corporations to use the Constitution as a protection against the public, not contracts when it comes to principles intended to protect the public, — contracts when the interests of the private corporation possessing the franchises require them to be, and not contracts when those interests point the other way, — to one not thoroughly familiar with our jurisprudence it might almost seem as though the monopolists had made the law, it favors them so much.

¹⁹ It must be remembered, however, that long acquiescence by practically the whole people and the multitudinous interweaving of the rights of innocent persons has made it impossible now to declare these grants void without great injustice. The people having so long permitted these legislative franchises and monopolies, ought not to confiscate the rights and properties that in good faith have clustered about them or grown out of them.

and was recognized by the most eminent jurists long before the Omaha convention made it the battle-cry of a new crusade. For example, Judge Cooley, whose name yields to none among living jurists, says on page 485 of his great work on Constitutional Limitations :

Equality of rights, privileges, and capacities unquestionably should be the aim of the law; special privileges are always obnoxious.

Government is a union of all for the benefit of all. It is a co-operative effort to which all classes of the people contribute, and its powers should be used impartially.

If a group of farmers and artisans A, B, C, D, etc., should elect M to direct the affairs of the group, and M should grant X the exclusive privilege of growing wheat, or of grinding it into flour and baking it into bread, it would be equivalent to granting X the right to rob the community each year of an amount equal to what they would pay above cost in preference to living in wheatlessness.²⁰ It is the same thing in principle for a Congress or a legislature to grant an exclusive telegraph franchise. On the other hand it is wasteful to grant two or more telegraph franchises over the same routes, and ultimately the two or more will unite and establish a substantial monopoly by virtue of their power of crushing opposition. Monopoly there must be; it is wrong for it to be in private hands; therefore it must be in public hands. The people must keep their franchises, or regain them if they have passed into private control. Monopoly involves the power of taxation, which can justly be exercised only by the public for the benefit of the public. Therefore monopoly must belong to the public. The public ownership of the telegraph franchise is demanded by the inexorable logic of justice and liberty, and is an essential corollary from the clearest and most axiomatic principles of constitutional law set forth and expounded century after century by the great jurists of Europe and America.

²⁰ It may be said that the community would still retain the right to regulate the prices that X should charge. That is true, but the right of regulation has to be exercised through M, and X owns M by making M a sharer of his booty; and even if the farmers were fortunate enough to elect an incorruptible man, or wise enough to take into their own hands the right to decide on the question of fair rates, X would still have the courts behind him, and by means of stock-watering, flexible book-keeping, influence, and a "judicious" use of money, he would be pretty safe in the time-honored privilege of monopolistic extortion. If the farmers should by any possibility succeed in fixing the rates to suit themselves, they would simply substitute the injustice of a contract in which the price is fixed by the buyer without competition, in place of the injustice of a contract in which the price is fixed by the seller without competition.

(To be continued.)

A REPLY TO "A FINANCIAL SEER." *

BY C. S. THOMAS.

The anonymous correspondent is, generally speaking, an unknown quantity. He loves to attack or to criticise from a hiding-place, whose obscurity gives him confidence and guarantees him impunity. He dreads nothing like responsibility, and loves nothing like the license which its absence imparts. His motives are generally ignoble and frequently tincture his communications with personal reflections and unworthy innuendo. He sometimes makes of himself a passing annoyance, but seldom provokes or deserves a reply to his witticisms, his charges, his assertions, or his arguments.

My impulse on reading your communication was to ignore it. That impulse I should have respected but for one or two considerations which are obvious from slight reflection. Your "uncopyrighted assertions" (I cannot call them arguments) are made with evident sincerity. You also display good judgment in declining to recognize them as

* A FINANCIAL SEER'S VIEWS.

Let us suppose that the Congress which convenes in December, 1867, together with the newly elected President, should favor "free silver." They assemble and pass an act for unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, to take effect say Jan. 1, 1868. This is just what the advocates of unlimited silver mistakenly think would inaugurate general prosperity. Let us see what would be the *real result*.

The moment that such an enactment became even probable there would be such a deluge of American securities and stocks, corporate, municipal, State, and national, returned from the Old World, that prices would rapidly approximate toward one half of present values. Besides, all stocks and bonds that are more exclusively held in this country would sympathetically decline with them in about the same proportion.

The \$650,000,000 of gold coin (more or less) now in the country would at once lose its function as money, and command a high premium. It would rapidly leave the country, and for the time being there would be a contraction of the monetary medium to that amount. No matter how much subsequent inflation might come after a few years of free coinage, the *immediate* effect would be a general collapse and universal paralysis. The panic of 1856 was puny and infantile when compared with the one that would come in 1868. There would be an immediate and tremendous shrinkage of all values, and of labor the most of all. Few who were in debt could pay, but when things really got to the worst, the opportunity for the wealthy to purchase at great bargains would be immense. Thus the already rich would become vastly richer, and the present inequality be greatly increased. There would be general bankruptcy, and for a few years labor would be a drug. Severe as was the panic of 1856, it was comparatively but a mere step (and then arrested) in the direction indicated. After weary months and years, business would slowly emerge from the wreck and chaos.

But in the mean time another current would have started. The silver of the world would be dumped upon the United States, and with greatly increased mint service, in perhaps three or four years an inflation would begin to make itself felt. But even

your offspring. They are not intended for myself particularly, but are to be sown broadcast, to take root in the public mind, and supplant the tares now rioting luxuriantly in that fecund but poorly cultivated soil. Above all, they concisely embody the prevailing objections to a restoration of silver to its legitimate place in the currency of the country, and contain in a nutshell the "case against bimetallism," as stated by Mr. Carlisle and repeated *ad nauseam* by the "sound-money" periodicals of the day. You are therefore not only anonymous, but many-headed and many-mouthed. Hence if I can answer you successfully, I refute not merely one "financial seer," but the multitude who are feeding on the husks of a false economy and starving for the manna of the truth.

You have doubtless observed, my friend, that the mono-metallic argument *a priori* has failed utterly; that historical precedents do not sustain it; that in practice the single standard is productive of widespread suffering and stagnation. You know that statesmen like Webster and Blaine have denied to Congress the constitutional power to take from either of the money metals its legal-tender, debt-paying function. You also know that when silver was demonetized by the act of Feb. 12, 1873, the silver dollar was worth one hundred and three cents in gold, and that in January, 1878, Congress by joint resolution and by an overwhelming majority in both houses solemnly declared that by their express terms all government obligations were payable at its option in the gold and silver coin of the standard values of July 14, 1870. Knowing these things, you

then the increase in values would only be seeming and nominal, for the basis would be silver. Foreign exchange would be about one hundred per cent premium, and all the rise would be only apparent and deceptive.

The final effect of this inflation would be still again to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. All kinds of commodities would *nominally* rise, but what of the man who had no commodities? The property of the millionaire would be doubled (nominally), and the man who before had nothing would have twice nothing.

Wages, in time, would *apparently* double like everything else, but they are always the last of the procession. Long before that time, every commodity that the laboring man needs would have doubled, and therefore he would be not only relatively but positively worse off than before.

Both by the panic and by the subsequent inflation, therefore, the present inequality would be terribly intensified. The unscrupulous financier, the wrecker, and the shrewd operator would fatten, for they always can take advantage of violent fluctuations, whether upward or downward.

All wage-earners, people on salaries, and every producer, as well as all legitimate business, would suffer, both during the great depression and the final inflation. Unsettled conditions, of whatever nature, always lodge more of the fixed wealth of the country in the hands of those who already have the advantage.

We already have a practical bimetallism, if that be construed as meaning the two metals in liberal supply. This is only possible when the dearer metal is made the standard, and then a certain amount of the inferior metal can be floated at a parity.

A FINANCIAL SEER.

have retired from the field of argument, and in reverent imitation of Silas Wegg you have dropped into prophecy. It may pain you to be told that your prophecies are neither modern nor original. I cannot inform you how old they are, because they and others of their kith and kin are always drawn from their kennels and groomed and curried for use whenever the overthrow of a grievous public abuse is demanded in the interest of a suffering humanity. "Rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," has long been an illuminated text in the homes of the beneficiaries of oppression. In times of social upheaval and popular discontent there is nothing better for general use than doleful predictions of terrible disaster to the poor and the heavy-laden should their protest against wrong and their cry for relief be heeded. And so it was not strange that in 1878 the opponents of the Bland Bill, and again in 1890 the opponents of free coinage, with doleful visage should have pictured as the consequences of a limited silver-coinage law the very things which you so kindly tell me must occur in 1897 should the money of the Constitution be once more secured to the people. Were these dark omens of disaster verified by the logic of events, or were they intended to "split the ears of the groundlings"?

Before answering these queries, let me ask you why the probability of the enactment of a free-coinage measure would deluge us with those of our securities which the Old World holds. Does it not hold as well securities against silver-using peoples? Are not Argentina and Chili and China bonded to Britain? Did not China float her recent loan in London, with Germany and France clamoring to obtain it? And is not Japanese credit good in Frankfort-on-the-Main? Have not the manipulators of exchange inserted a gold proviso in all our time contracts, and construed one into all Federal obligations? And if the deluge came, would our securities be unloaded at a sacrifice? If they were, would we be economic losers? If they were not, would they be transferred to us at all?

The vast sum of \$650,000,000 of gold coin, of which we hear so much, is not in this country. If the reports of the comptroller of the currency are reliable, the half of it cannot be located. But assuming that we had it, and that it would "rapidly leave the country," kindly tell us where it would go.

You surely will not contend that like some sentient thing it will retire from the world and disappear. It will not "soar to yon distant and cloud-mantled skies," nor will it return to the bosom of the hills. If it goes, it will seek some country where its exchangeability for debt or for property is greater than with us. Its migratory flight will be prompted wholly by the fact that it can perform a greater monetary duty elsewhere. Its owners will not lock it up and lose interest, nor pay storage upon the inert mass. "The precious metals," says Edward Tuck, "have never yet flowed in large volume from one country to another, except to fulfil the mission of legal tender for debt, the highest, noblest, and most valuable function that metal can perform." Avalanche \$650,000,000 of our gold upon Europe, and it must find employment there. It will quicken the energies of the Old World into renewed life; prices will rise; labor will become active; prosperity will reappear, and the marvels of the sixth decade will be re-enacted, to bless and reward the energies and the efforts of mankind. These conditions will create a demand for corn, for wheat, for wool, for cotton, for all the comforts of life; and that demand will set the wheels of all our stagnant industries in motion once more, to the confusion of hard times and the destruction of discontent. Would that, in the opinion of a "financial seer," be a blessing or a curse?

But, my dear sir, let me ask whether since 1892 gold has not been going rather rapidly. Has it not indeed been disappearing with somewhat startling rapidity ever since the prevalence of those conditions which you have for years declared to be necessary for its retention among us? Have you never reflected that we have had no gold in circulation for years? that even the greenback has been practically withdrawn for gold purchases by those patriots who, clamoring for the maintenance of public credit, are the only ones who have ever sought to impair it? that the despised silver dollar and certificate, together with the national bank-note, are doing the monetary work of the nation? Wake up, my dear sir, and look around you. Gold is at a premium *now*. It has been for three or four years. Our smelters sell their gold bullion direct to dealers at a premium over its mint value. The borrower who is required to pay in that metal does not get it from the lender. Paper currency, redeemable in silver or its equivalent, is good enough for him. And strange to say, these things are the legitimate offspring of your gold monometallism.

Heretofore we have been told that free coinage meant a debasement of the currency. You tell us it would result in immediate contraction, with a consequent panic compared with which that of 1893 would be "puny and infantile." I note with pleasure that this cheerful prophecy involves the admission that contraction must result in panic and paralysis. Heretofore the assertion of this fact has been regarded as an evidence of silver lunacy. You correctly outline the consequences of contraction, with all of which I quite agree; but your leader, the Secretary of the Treasury, is, I think, entitled to the doubtful credit of originating the proposition that an increased coinage of metallic money will diminish its volume; that with free coinage a slender supply of debased currency would constitute our circulation; and that unparalleled misery and suffering would ensue. "If," said Senator Blackburn, "he can prove that money can be both scarce and cheap, I will acknowledge that I am laboring under some strange delusion."

In 1861 both gold and silver crossed the ocean. That which remained was locked in the vaults of the preservers of our national credit. The greenback came to the front, fed the armies, equipped the navies, upheld the flag, and crushed the Rebellion. I do not recall that the ignoble flight of gold and silver was then attended or followed by the frightful consequences which you now seem to think inevitable under such conditions.

You have assured us many times during the past three years that we were in no need of an increasing metallic circulation, because checks, bills of exchange, etc., had superseded the actual use of money in the affairs of men. I have seen it frequently stated of late that less than three per cent of our business exchanges is effected by the payment of money. Hence its use and actual possession is declared by your school to be unnecessary. This being true, what boots it that our gold will migrate under the contingencies you suppose? Will we not retain our drafts and check-books, and can we not use them as of yore, whether gold shall abide in democratic America or shall seek the society of the Queen?

But "another current" would dump the silver of the world upon the United States. What a calamity! The silver of the world would, if compressed in single bulk, constitute a cube of sixty-six feet. You could easily store it in

the basement of one of Boston's modern buildings. Our mints could not coin it in ninety years; but if they could do it in five, we should only have a per capita silver coinage of about fifty dollars. "Nations have perished," said Col. Ingersoll, "but not because they possessed an overabundance of silver."

A "financial seer" should be the last of all men to "dump the silver of the world upon the United States." It has been done by demagogues and alarmists with great frequency during recent years, but the average monometallist has long since ceased the practice. - Three fourths of the inhabitants of this planet use silver money only, but they never have had and never will have a monopoly of the metal; neither will they part with their holdings by way of dumpage or otherwise. To deprive them of it would be to deprive them of their medium of exchange, without leaving them that solace of draft and check-book to which we can always resort. Besides, their ratio is higher than ours, and they cannot afford, if they were otherwise inclined, to bring it over and coin it at a loss, to say nothing of the cost of transportation. There are about \$1,100,000,000 of coined silver in Europe. It is in active circulation. Its ratio to gold is $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. You cannot buy a farthing of it below its coin value. To transport it and recoin it here at 16 to 1 would entail a loss of not less than \$33,000,000. Your financial friends would not undertake the job, however much they may desire to see your predictions verified. But if they should, how would you fill the vacuum caused by its deportation? Your \$650,000,000 of gold, which you propose to take from us, cannot do it. You cannot procure silver elsewhere with which to do it, unless you rob your dump; and if you do that you relieve us of its unwelcome presence. What then becomes of your prophecy?

Our nearest neighbor, Mexico, is a monometallic silver country. The United States produces about forty per cent of the world's annual silver product. Instead of "dumping it upon Mexico," we permit Great Britain to put her own price on it, and then sell it to her for the benefit of her trade with silver countries. Surely, if your assumption is correct, it would go to Mexico, "where inflation would begin to make itself felt."

To this proposition I have caught your answer. I hear you say that the Mexican dollar is worth but fifty cents in our

money, and therefore our silver bullion, when coined in Mexico, will give its owner no profit. Very well. When you say that in the event of free coinage prevailing in America, the world's silver will be attracted hitherward, *you concede the contention of the bimetallist, that free coinage will restore to silver its mint value of \$1.29 per ounce.* What then becomes of your false and foolish cry of cheap silver money?

Your assertion that in times of panic and currency famine the rich become richer and the poor poorer is true. The fact that 35,000 citizens of this Republic own half its wealth, and are rapidly absorbing the remainder, furnishes sufficient proof of it. If other evidence were necessary, it is easily supplied by the reflection that the same process of absorption is active in Germany, in Italy, in Belgium, in Great Britain. These are "sound-money," that is to say, gold-standard, countries. There are 72,000,000 acres of land in Great Britain. Under its "sound-money" *régime*, 1,000 men have acquired 30,000,000 of these acres; 14,000 men own 20,000,000 of them. The remaining 22,000,000 acres are at present divided among 38,485,000 inhabitants of the islands; but if existing confidence and credit continue a few years longer, the latter will be relieved by the former of their present holdings. Like causes produce like effects. Landlordism is becoming "quite a fad" in America, and the small freeholder is too un-English to be popular much longer. If any conditions can be produced or imagined whereby "the unscrupulous financier, the wrecker, and the shrewd operator would fatten" more prodigiously than he has under those which have prevailed during the past twenty years, may the Almighty in His infinite mercy blast and destroy them in the germ.

That inflation tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, I flatly deny. That the free coinage of gold and silver as before 1873 would unduly or injuriously inflate the currency, I also deny. Undue or unnecessary inflation is an unquestionable evil. Its effect on material prosperity is pernicious. But its curses are blessings compared to the awful paralysis of contraction. Syndicates may deplore, but they cannot corner an abundant circulation. Money when plenteous is ever the handmaid, not the object, of commerce. History has written many indictments against an unlimited currency, but absorption, through its medium of the property, the industries, the administration, and the control of a nation, is not one of them.

But inflation, if by that term you mean a superabundant circulation, is impossible to a system of currency based on the coinage of gold and silver. The world's supply of both metals is not too great for the world's industrial needs. The annual product of both is restricted by natural laws which can neither be ignored nor obviated. The demand for both is insatiable, not only for use as money, but in the arts as well. All countries supplement their monetary use with a system of paper issues, and in many of them both gold and silver are strangers to the channels of active circulation.

You close your forecast of events consequent upon the triumph of free coinage with the assurance that "we already have a practical bimetallism, if that be construed as meaning the two metals in liberal supply." But this you say "is only possible when the dearer metal is made the standard, and then a certain amount of the inferior metal can be floated at a parity."

I cannot at this time discuss with you the question of standards. Indeed I do not comprehend what is really meant by the term when applied to values, unless all money in circulation at a given time is taken into consideration. The Supreme Court of the United States declares value to be an idea, and that there can be no standard for an idea. The term "unit of account" as used in our first coinage act, is easily understood, and that is what you must mean when you speak of a standard, whether you intend it or not. But your assertion that bimetallism is only possible when the dearer metal is made the standard—in which event a certain amount of the inferior metal can be floated at a parity—is the most remarkable proposition, seriously made, that has been advanced in finance for many days. That sort of bimetallism would satisfy the kaleidoscopic notions of our voluble and garrulous Secretary of Agriculture. Prior to 1873 the silver dollar was our unit of account. Its value was slightly in excess of the gold dollar of 25.8 grains. If then we had made silver the "standard," we might have floated a little gold at a parity; but instead of doing so, we made the cheaper metal the standard. Yet, if you are correct, we thereby became enabled to float a certain amount of silver at a parity! I know of but one parallel to this absurdity. It was furnished by the *Century Magazine* when in 1893 it gravely informed an anxious inquirer that the silver dollar was worth a hundred cents in gold because it could be

taken to the treasury at Washington and there exchanged for a gold dollar.

The "practical bimetallism" which you insist we now have is this: Under the limited coinage acts of 1878 and 1890, \$547,777,049 in silver coin and bullion have been placed in circulation, either in specie or certificates. Every dollar of this sum is worth a hundred cents in gold. This is so, not because the dearer metal is the standard, but because it is issued by the Government as money, is exchangeable at par for property and for debt, and is absolutely essential to the prosecution of our commercial and industrial affairs. But if your assumption of the effect of silver coinage upon prosperity be correct, it ought to be a debased currency and responsible for all the ills which now afflict the land; for, as I have once intimated, your dismal prophecies attended the purchase of every ounce and the coinage of every silver dollar since 1878. Permit me to convince you that our limited silver-coinage acts, compulsory, unscientific, and clumsy as they were, have been of incalculable benefit to the nation, and although administered by unfriendly hands, have vindicated the wisdom of their framers and given conclusive assurance of the absolute necessity of bimetallism to the permanent progress and welfare of our people.

In 1878 Secretary Sherman gravely assured a congressional committee that 50,000,000 of silver dollars would drive our gold across the sea. Yet it is a curious fact that with the exception of the years 1847 and 1849 our exports had always exceeded our imports of gold until the Bland Act became effective. Under its provisions our actual coinage of silver was greater than at any former period of our history. Despite the secretary's warning, our imports of gold from 1878 to 1892 were nearly 100 per cent greater than our exports. We had free coinage down to 1873. Yet from 1849 to 1861 we exported \$425,620,549 of gold in excess of our imports, and we imported \$8,218,755 of silver in excess of our exports. From the commencement of the Rebellion down to 1878 nearly all of our gold and silver specie was exported. But the tide turned with the Bland Bill in 1878. At that time the total of gold coin and bullion in the Union as reported to the Treasury Department was \$245,741,837. In 1892 the same authority reported the sum at \$664,275,335. How in the face of facts like these it can be asserted that the coinage of silver will drive out gold I leave it for a "financial seer" to determine.

In 1889 the excess of gold exports over gold imports was nearly \$50,000,000. This was accounted for at the time by the immense efflux of tourists to the Paris Exposition; an explanation justified by the fact that the deficit fell to \$4,000,000 for the succeeding year. During all this time the Government paid its obligations in lawful money without discrimination. But in 1891 Messrs. Heidelbach, Ichelheimer & Co., a firm then and now engaged in the maintenance of the public credit, presented \$1,000,000 in greenbacks at the sub-treasury, and demanded their redemption in gold. The demand was complied with by an obsequious administration calling itself Republican, and the precedent thus established has been sedulously observed by an obsequious administration calling itself Democratic. On July 1, 1891, silver coinage was suspended by the Secretary of the Treasury under the Act of 1890. Since then we have coined of our silver in round numbers of \$42,000,000; but we have exported of our gold \$231,431,368 in excess of what we have imported. Nay more, we have increased our bonded indebtedness by \$262,500,000, and added an annual interest charge of more than \$11,000,000 to the burdens of the people, payable in gold; the contract and the statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

Although the Government made large purchases of silver during the operation of these laws, the last of which was designed to absorb the domestic product of the metal, we nevertheless exported \$183,357,570 of silver coin and bullion in excess of our imports. We were neither flooded nor threatened with a flood of silver, although you and other financial seers were as certain then as now that we would be.

From 1878 to 1892 inclusive we paid more than 67 per cent of our national interest-bearing debt. The principal of that debt in 1873, when the gold unit was adopted, was \$1,710,483,950. During the five years between that date and the passage of the Bland Act, while gold alone was standard money, it was increased by \$84,251,700, so that in 1878 the total interest-bearing debt was \$1,794,735,650. At the close of the fiscal year of 1892 we had reduced this amount to \$585,020,330, having paid thereon in fourteen years under a limited bimetallism the vast sum of \$1,209,715,320, to say nothing of \$793,720,541.55 by way of interest. We had reduced the annual interest charge from \$94,654,472.50 in 1878 to \$22,893,883.20 in 1892. Under

the operation of these despised laws we had a large surplus in the treasury as early as 1884; and in 1887, when it exceeded \$100,000,000, President Cleveland cried out against our excessive taxation and begged Congress to reduce the revenue, that the people might retain in their own hands an enormous sum, which under existing laws was a useless accumulation in the national treasury, dangerous to the moral and material welfare of the people, and a continuing menace to legislative integrity.

So rapidly did our bonded debt disappear that Senator Sherman proclaimed the doom of the national banking system, and urged upon Congress the necessity of making early provision for a new basis for a bank-note circulation. Whether succeeding events, culminating in fresh issues of Government bonds, are in any wise associated with these conditions, I leave for financial seers to determine.

Gold commanded a premium in the United States from 1861 until the late summer of 1878. By that time the provisions of the Bland Act were in full effect. Before the commencement of 1879 it fell to par, and so remained until silver coinage practically ceased with the repeal of the Act of 1890, when it again rose above the level of the other forms of currency. It is true that the act of resumption took effect on Jan. 1, 1879; but that law would have failed of its purpose without the aid of the compulsory silver coinage of the Bland Bill and the act prohibiting the retirement of the existing volume of greenbacks. With specie restricted to gold, with no addition to our currency circulation except the coinage of that metal, and with our foreign annual interest charge of \$250,000,000 payable in gold or its equivalent, to say nothing of the volume needed at home for similar payments, how long will it remain even nominally at par?

During the period under consideration the increase of our material wealth and the expansive development of our resources were prodigious. Ninety-six thousand one hundred and sixteen miles of railroad, or considerably more than fifty per cent of our total mileage, were constructed. Our numerical increase of population was greater than during any similar period. Deposits in the savings banks swelled from \$879,897,425 to \$1,712,769,026, and in national banks from \$199,900,000 to \$519,300,000. Our foreign trade grew from \$1,202,708,609 to \$1,857,680,610, and our domestic commerce increased in like proportion. Although coining silver

dollars at the rate of \$24,000,000 a year, our public and private credit was matchless. The amount of foreign capital invested in our varied enterprises was unprecedented. Then as now investors were less concerned about our financial policy than about the probable prospect of speedy profit. They fell over each other in their ardent desire for American securities and American properties, without regard to whether we were or were not drifting toward "silver monometallism." Our credit was in fact too good; for we borrowed, all unaware that even then the scheme was brewing whereby our silver money was to be destroyed in the interest of "honest" finance, and our debts were to be collected in gold.

I know that a "financial seer" will remind me that the collapse of 1893 was but the culmination of a storm which had been gathering through all these years of sunshine, and that had we adhered to the *régime* of 1873 we should have had the same fair weather and would have it now. I reply that from 1880 to 1892 British capitalists poured their surplus money into Australian enterprises, and gave to the development of its resources the same impetus they gave to ours. That great colony, — a continent in itself, — peopled with the best and the bravest of the English race, was a "sound-money" country. The crash which shook this Republic to its foundations prostrated everything in Australia. Our failures for 1893 were less than \$100,000,000; but those of the Melbourne banks alone amounted to \$300,000,000 — "a sum almost equal to the total deposits in the sixty-four banks forming the clearing-house of New York City." Will not the investor who placed his money and his faith in America be at least as sure of its return as he who preferred to risk Australia?

I trust I have said enough to convince the impartial reader that the fourteen years in which our silver coinage was greatest forms a cheerful chapter in the history of our country, and that every forecast of the consequences of our limited coinage acts was utterly dissipated by the logic of events. I am vain enough to assert that if a limited and compulsory coinage of silver with gold can accomplish so much, a free and equal coinage of the two metals under the old conditions would surely accomplish much more. The false prophets of the past should not declare themselves the inspired prophets of the future. In the olden time they were set upon by the people and stoned to death. In these days, though their punishments are milder, the public judgment of their character is equally inflexible.

Your dismal forebodings, my prophetic friend, are only the morbid offspring of a diseased imagination. You cannot shake public confidence in the statesmanship of those who forced from unwilling hands the beneficent compromises of 1878 and 1890. The enmity of a powerful class intrenched behind the bulwarks of legislation, the assaults of the press, the midnight cry of the alarmist, the warnings of so-called financial seers, can neither stay the efforts of the reformer, nor deprive him of the trust, the love, the confidence of his countrymen. Your ridicule, your abuse, your threats, and your prophecies are alike unavailing. The movement for free coinage, like the impetus of the avalanche, is irresistible. "It is the shadow on the dial, never still, though not seen to move; it is the tide of ocean, gaining on the proudest and strongest bulwarks that human art or strength can build." You may cry out against it, but the sound of your voice shall perish on your lips; for the truth is mighty, and sooner or later it must prevail.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERATURE DEALING WITH VITAL SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS.

NO. I. LAND AND THE LAND QUESTION.

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IS THE WEST DISCONTENTED? IS A REVOLUTION AT HAND?

BY JOHN E. BENNETT.

The readers of a conservative magazine in its issue of November, 1894, were treated to an article entitled "Is the West Discontented? A Study of Local Facts." The author of this article was J. H. Canfield, the present chancellor of the University of Nebraska. The editor of the magazine in question, in his addenda to that issue, introduces us to the writer as being for three years chancellor of the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln. "He is the author of 'Taxation: Plain talk for Plain People,' and he is not only at the head of an important educational institution, but by reason of his public activity in other ways, one of the most influential and useful men in the Northwest." Such being the case, and the subject being of such widespread interest to the country, I have thought the treatment given the theme by the professor would allow of some extension, in order that it may be ascertained whether or not he has reached correct conclusions, and if not, whether or not this is due to his premises or to his deductions.

The learned writer comes to the conclusion that the West is not discontented. What he means by "The West" is not very clear from his treatment of the subject; for he has concentrated his gaze upon the town of Lincoln in the state of Nebraska, and evidently within a stone's throw of the university buildings. There he proceeds to make a "study of local facts" by which he measures the condition of feeling of the population of the entire West—a term which is still taken to mean all that area of the United States beyond the Mississippi River.

Nor is the honored chancellor more clear in the definition of the term which he has undertaken to prove is not applicable, in any important degree, to the West. What he means by "discontent" he does not make plain to us. Discontent with one's self? with one's family or kin? with one's environment? with one's occupation or with the benefits yielded thereby? or with the laws and governmental conditions under which one exists? In none of these respects does the writer admit us to an understanding of the premises he is seeking to refute.

Declaring himself to be familiar with the lives and habits of a large number of people on "an average street" in Lincoln, which familiarity he has acquired through the various means by which a university professor may come in contact with the public, he proceeds to determine from the external appearances of their daily lives whether or not they are discontented.

In addition to this he has sent out a circular letter to "a hundred gentlemen of his personal acquaintance who are fair representatives of the different sections, of the different political parties, and of the different material interests of the state," and from the replies he receives to these letters he ascertains that only "from three to five per cent of the entire population of the state are really and seriously discontented." That discontent, however, he leaves us to believe is due to the fact that

in a new state, and especially in a rich state like our own, *where all natural resources seem to be within easy grasp of each and all* [the italics are mine] there have been great opportunities for acquiring a competence and even wealth. . . . In the pursuit of wealth, some by reason of extraordinary diligence, extraordinary shrewdness or good fortune, have been more successful than others. With the unsuccessful, even though they have done more than fairly well, the sense of not being as far along in the race as those with whom they made the start is irritating. The rapid rise in values has unquestionably unsettled many men and made them discontented with conditions which we all know to be more nearly normal. . . . Our people do not always wait to be deprived of necessities before they complain, but are apt to speak, and speak sharply, if what may be termed the lavishness of supply is lessened. Men here, as elsewhere, are in haste to get rich; not simply to secure a competence. . . . Suffering, deprivation, and discontent are, much like the ague, 'over in the next township'; and it is not at all unusual to find an audience applauding a speaker who tells them they are pauperized, when very few in the audience would part with their possessions short of a sum represented by a big unit and three ciphers.

Such is the view taken of the existing state of feeling among the people of Nebraska, on the score of their conditions, by an official who has prosecuted his explorations over the territory of his observations, he says, to the extent of 10,000 miles per year.

That he is not competent nor in a position to judge on such a subject, and that he dare not express his judgment if he were, will, on reflection, be perfectly clear to him, and if not to him, then, I hope, to those who may read these pages.

The subject is one of burning importance. "Is the West Discontented?" I quote from an article printed in the same magazine of the issue of the succeeding month (January,

1895) from the pen of a writer who was discussing the Strike Commissioners' Report.* The strike exerted its force particularly in the West, extending to California and having one of its centres in Omaha, the leading city in the state of which Professor Canfield is writing. Mr. Robinson, in that article, says:

There have been strikes before, involving vast interests and bitterly contested, but none fraught with such sinister significance as those of last July. What caused the most profound alarm in all thinking minds was not any individual incident of the uprising, so much as the fact that the spirit of discontent and despair should have so far saturated large masses of the people of our country as to make such things possible—not anything which was done, so much as the method of its doing and the narrow escape from what was undone.

These two writers in the same periodical seem to take widely diverse views of the discontent existing in the West; perhaps if we look at the relative positions of the men we may find why such should be; particularly will our understanding increase when we learn that one is a pedagogue, largely aside from the current of affairs, while the other is a trade paper editor, with his eyes fixed on conditions which he must understand.

I shall assume, however, that by "discontent" Professor Canfield means a dissatisfaction arising from lack of adequate returns in the individual enterprises of the people and this failure in adequacy being general to large numbers, the cause being due directly to laws operating against the interests of the masses. This must be, in effect, the definition of Professor Canfield's word "discontent," else the word has no relevancy to his article.

Such, then, being the fact, let us inquire by what evidences the professor has undertaken to establish that the West is not discontented. I will assume that Nebraska is a specimen state of the West and that Lincoln is a sample town; nay, even that the people whom the professor has beheld going to and fro, through the plate-glass pane of his library window in the university building, are types of men and women common to the entire West. Such being the postulation how has the professor used these facts to draw his conclusions?

The wealthy residential section of Capitol Hill he passes over with the remark that "It is hardly likely that there will be much discontent here." A statement doubtless correct, but which is valuable to us mainly in that it goes as proof to our hypothesis that dissatisfaction resulting from inade-

*"The Humiliating Report of the Strike Commission," by H. P. Robinson.

quacy of returns from expended effort is the real meaning of the professor's word "discontent."

Passing Capitol Hill he descends at once to his "average street." Here he finds living in one house, German parents with six sons; one is an accountant at the University, one practises law, one is studying medicine, another does this and another that. He finds they are "intelligent, industrious, frugal, temperate, and reasonably successful," and from their moving in these occupations, from their industry, frugality, etc., he concludes that none of them are discontented within his meaning of the word.

In another house the professor locates "an old gentleman and his wife and one or two younger children. They live in a very quiet way, and have a few rooms which they rent to students and others." He has an occasional conversation with them, and from these occasionals and from the fact that they are living as he describes, he adjudges them not discontented.

In another house resides an old lady "who is partially, if not entirely, supported by her son. She may be seen quite frequently out in the garden among her flowers, chiefly noted for their old-fashioned names and colors," etc. From this observation of the old lady the professor finds she is not discontented. Working on a house adjacent are two carpenters; "one rides home with his wife who comes for him every evening with a neat little pony and phaeton, and is often accompanied by a bright-faced boy evidently their son. . . . He and his wife read together evenings, and he is reasonably well informed on public affairs." From these facts the professor determines that the carpenter is not discontented.

The other carpenter *is* discontented: he is a foreigner and a Swede. "He thinks the lot of the laboring man harder here than in the old country; and if he could get away he would certainly go back." This, then, is the reason of the Swede's discontent; another cause is that "at first he received large wages and thought he could soon own a home; he finally purchased it, but was somewhat in debt; he disliked the continual paying of interest, and now he did not get enough work to pay off what he owed." As an offset to the justifiableness of these grounds of dissatisfaction, the professor mentions that the Swede stated "with much apparent pride" that in the old country he could not run in debt, he would have no credit, and he would be expected to rent and to remain a tenant.

Thus far, then, in the inquiry, the professor has found

only one discontented man and he is an alien, and his discontent is really without foundation in fact, since he is doing far better amidst his new surroundings than he did in the country whence he came.

So on, through the various examples which the professor puts forward to show the pacific state of the western laboring population. His conclusions are based on just such observation. The young husband and wife who are building a small apartment house as a business venture, he being a thrifty shipping clerk and she, before marriage, a professional nurse, he finds busy and successful people, "such as are rarely discontented".

"The evening paper thrown upon the porches," the presence of a hammock and flowers in the yard, he takes as a certificate of an absence of discontent. The "old lady comfortably supported by a daughter who is a stenographer" is, from that fact, to his mind, contented; as also are the two daughters in the adjoining house who are clerks in one of the retail drygoods stores. Their appearance being neat and their habits busy, the professor cannot imagine they are discontented with that grim necessity which forces each to slave for a living, or that they are concerned in the vast disparity between their condition and that of those women whose incomes, from whatever sources, are sufficient to secure them from daily labor.

It is perfectly clear that the professor has adduced no facts upon which he could base an opinion. It would be, indeed, interesting to know what exterior phase should be presented to the eyes of the professor, in order to attain his idea of a discontented person. What must a person do, how must he act, that the professor might find he is discontented? What must be the state, environment, situation, of that "from three to five per cent of the entire population who are really and seriously 'discontented' "?

As I have said, the professor is neither a fit man to judge of the feeling of these people, nor would it be safe for him to express his judgment if he were.

The professor is evidently a contented man. With a snug salary of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, with comfortable quarters at the university buildings provided him by the state, to him the world is a smoothly rolling ball with greased axles. His office carries with it public respect and esteem, the people with whom he comes in contact treat him in a deferential, distinguished way, he has a measure of power and authority sufficient to make an ordinary man feel satisfied in this regard, and his private affairs are, doubtless, well managed.

To such a man, therefore, who pins his political faith to the economic nonsense of the dear old Republican party; whose knowledge of political economy was acquired from the writings of the old school; who knows worse than nothing of the principles of the single tax or the truths of free trade; who observes the vast concentration of wealth to be due to the superior shrewdness and activities of the millionaires; and who accounts for the giant strikes and wide agitation of the laboring masses as resulting from the harangues of foreign anarchists who poison their minds as to their surroundings, and, where really no just grounds exist, incite them to contests with their employers; to such a man there is nothing wrong; there is no discontent within the scope of our definition. If a few people are dissatisfied at the way things go with them, it is their own fault.

For such a man to respond to the question "Is the West Discontented?" and present himself as a judge thereof, appears to my mind the sheerest folly. The value of his views is simply that there is one man in the West who is comfortably situated and to whom it does not seem that there is anything wrong. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands like him; the "representative men" of whom he speaks are of his own kin. They are leading men in business and politics, they hold offices, have comfortable incomes, and are unconscious of the forces fermenting at the bottom. Carlyle tells us that, in Paris, in the height of the terrors of the French Revolution, "Theatres to the number of twenty-three were open every night; while right arms here grew weary with slaying, right arms there were twiddle-deeing on melodious catgut; at the very instant Abbé Sicard was clambering up his second pair of shoulders three men high (in the violon of the Abbaye following the massacre of the priests), 500,000 human individuals were lying horizontal as if nothing were amiss."

I have said that supposing that the professor *were* equipped for clear discernment, he dare not express his honest views. He is the holder of a position under the state government. This is necessarily a political position; that is, it is influenced by politics; its incumbency is secured through a political "pull." Let the professor publish in the same magazine an article describing conditions in Nebraska as they really are. Let him explain why the Populist party—the party of discontent—polled 83,134 votes in Nebraska in 1892 while in 1888 it polled but 9,429. Does this show contentment? Let him deplore that foul system* which has forced thousands of farmers

*That is, the feudal system of land ownership, which is in as full force in the United States to-day as when introduced into England by William the Conqueror.

and their families to the tilling of arid lands where certain starvation awaits them, if they remain long enough, while millions of God's best acres elsewhere lie fallow. Were the thousands in Nebraska lately fed from relief cars contented? Or did they resignedly attribute their famine to causes abiding solely with God?

The expressions of feeling in Omaha and elsewhere in Nebraska during the great strike and the sympathy extended by thousands to the Commonweal army movement, do not argue well for unbroken contentment there.

Suppose the professor should draw obvious deductions from these facts and write an article along the lines they lead, what would be the result? Refinements of mental torture for the writer! Such an article might be written of things and conditions in New York, or any other large eastern centre, and no one would take it sufficiently to heart to conceive umbrage at it. But the case is different in a western town. There everybody is seeking at all times to "boom" the town. They wish to draw trade to it, to increase the land value in it—at least a part of them wish to do so—to make it excel rival towns. The individual who shall narrate, any statements, whether true or not, which are likely to impair any of these ends, is a sort of public enemy.

So it would be with the professor. How the newspapers would "roast" the learned pedagogue! especially the newspapers of the political party opposite to that through which the professor had secured his chair. How they would, in column editorials, in paragraph squibs, cudgel and skewer the poor chancellor until his existence, for the period, would seem a torment. "The false representations," they would say, "made to the people of the East concerning the condition of the inhabitants of this state, are well likely to exert its influence in staying that desirable character of immigration which all of us have been, all these years, striving to attract. More is the pity that we should have warmed into life a serpent to bite us; that we should have given one of the most profitable positions in the service of the state to a man who, apparently, avails himself of the earliest opportunity to do us an injury."

I can fancy, too, I hear the heavy voice of a well-fed owner of a land addition to the city of Omaha, or to the city of Lincoln, rising in meeting of the chamber of commerce, and there proposing the adoption by that organization of a set of resolutions. These commence with a

"Whereas, It has come to the notice of this body that an officer, enjoying a large salary from the state, has so far

forgotten the fealty due from him to the people of the state as to cause to be published in a leading eastern magazine an article of his authorship grossly misrepresenting the contented and happy condition of the people of this state, and

"Whereas, Such an article is calculated to produce a false impression of the conditions prevailing in this state in the minds of the readers of the said magazine, now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the members of the chamber of commerce in meeting assembled, do hereby deny the several statements contained in the said article as being without foundation in fact, and express their regret that a person capable of writing such an article should be found holding so important a position as the chancellorship of the university of this state."

The resolutions would be spoken upon by several brother real estate owners interested in booming the values of their lands and selling to the easterner at their own figures, little triangular blocks of the earth's surface which they had "taken up" years ago and had held idle all this time; these gentlemen talk to the point, and the resolutions are adopted with hardly a dissenting voice. The board of trade, composed of the "representative" class of whom the professor speaks, who see nothing wrong anywhere, and who *do not* wish to realize that such exists, also adopt like resolutions, which are spread at length in the news columns of the papers, touched up by editorial comment; and as the storm thickens the professor begins to feel that he has built his house on shifting sands; that perhaps, as a result of all this, his occupancy of the chancellorship may become unsettled.

The West is discontented. It is a simmering, seething cauldron of discontent. You find it on every hand wherever you go; whether east of the Rockies or beyond them, whether on the coast or on the sound. You find it in business circles, you hear it on street corners, nay, you *see it* there in the hundreds of idle men who are all day, and late into the night, standing about telegraph poles in the business centres, waiting for something to turn up. You will find it in the number of the public meetings held by the idle and laboring men, to talk over the situation; in the services of the New Era churches, which the laboring world has set up for itself because the regulation clergy persistently fail to take cognizance of the causes of the disturbed state of the masses. You can see this discontent in the People's Party papers, teeming with attacks on monopoly and recitals of the hardships of the people. You can see it in

the accumulation of such items as the following, which are daily distributed to the newspapers through the press associations:

San Francisco, February 19, 1895. — The death from starvation of a four-weeks-old child of Mrs. John Harkins, who lives in a miserable shanty on Oregon street, was reported to the coroner. Harkins has been unable to get work, and the family is poverty-stricken. The mother is bedridden through lack of nourishment.

I live in Los Angeles, California. I have lived here about seven years. In that time I have been connected with the press, both daily and weekly, as reporter, editor, special correspondent, special writer, writer for magazines and other periodicals. My duties have at various times drawn me close to civil courts, the police, politics, public bodies and organizations. No important public event has taken place in this southern metropolis of the state during my residence here, that has not been the subject of my study and labor. Los Angeles is regarded as one of the wealthiest and most prosperous cities of the west. It is but a few thousand larger than Lincoln, yet it does about twice the average amount of business, if the Bradstreet's weekly bank clearances may be taken as an index. Its resources are vast and varied. Saving the imported product, there is an exclusive market for the fruits of its surrounding farms, for the California orange is not in the stores before the Florida orange has left the market. Millions of dollars are spent annually within its area by tourists; other millions by additions to its population in the persons of well-to-do people who come here to reside for the climate's sake.

Los Angeles, under any arrangement or system through which the distribution of opportunities would approximate to equality, ought to be filled with the happiest people on the continent, and a welcome should be ready for every stranger within its gates. Yet is this the case? Three detachments of the Commonwealth army, aggregating nearly 2,000 men, got together here in 1893-94 and started to Washington. During the past winter, the "out of work" problem has become so serious that an institution called the "Associated Charities," comprising many of the leading property owners of the city, has been organized to cope with the situation, and it has had more work on hand than it could do.

In order that the pittance of fifty cents, charged as a fee by the professional employment agencies, might not stand between the person looking for work and a possible "job," the city council and county supervisors joined hands in starting a "Free Labor Bureau" through which the people

seeking employment might perhaps find it, and if so, free of cost. The city council has repeatedly ordered work done on the streets, which need not have been done, solely in order to provide employment for idle men. Often the city jail is filled with vagrants and the chain gang numbering disgraceful figures, while the fiat which often goes out from the chief of police, to drive from the city all vagrants, has advanced to shameful repetition.

I live on that "average street" of which Professor Canfield speaks. I have mentioned what I said above concerning myself, in order that the reader may concede my qualifications, at least, for judging of the people in the neighborhood of my residence, with whom I have an acquaintance, with some of whom, indeed, I am on terms of familiarity. I do not think this street will differ greatly in appearance from the one which the professor describes as being the field of his observations in Lincoln. There are neat cottages on it, flowers in some of the yards, and hammocks swinging from trees; the evening paper is flung on some of the porches, and the morning paper on others; in them live neatly dressed girls, pleasant-faced women, and busy men, not to speak of children playing on green lawns. The picture is just such a one as Professor Canfield would enthusiastically pronounce as being peopled by the most comfortable and contented human beings you would meet with anywhere. Yet is this true?

There are but four residents in the neighborhood, comprising a block either side of the street, who own their own homes; the others all rent.

Next door to me lives a watchmaker and jeweller; he has twice failed in business, the last time recently, and he has not been able to get on his feet again; he has a family comprising his wife and four children which is just now being supported by his father-in-law, who is worth about \$20,000 in property. The man has been looking for work since his failure, but has found no steady employment. He may not be discontented, but I doubt it.

In the house beyond his, lives a proofreader who came here six months ago from Kansas, where the grasshoppers digested the major portion of his substance. He has been working at his calling on one of the dailies; but a week ago he received a note from the managing editor stating that the paper must retrench expenses, and that his services would be dispensed with. He is a good, faithful, competent man in his line, and there was no complaint on the score of his efficiency. They have a number of little children and their

predicament is distressing; his wife wears a sad face, and her eyes are red through loss of tears. Perhaps *they* are not discontented, but I think they are.

Across the street lives a man who came here five years ago from Iowa, bringing with him about \$10,000 which he had "cleaned up" after a number of years spent in the hog business in that state. He invested it in a grocery store, along with several partners; the store was one of the largest in the city, but this fact did not keep it from failing. It is said my neighbor may save \$1,000 from the wreck. This will enable him to start life anew, which, at the age of fifty, and in poor health, he cannot expect to do under very favorable conditions. I can anticipate the reply one would receive from him to an inquiry as to whether or not he is discontented!

Farther down the street live a man and his wife, both past middle life. They came here from Texas, bought a lot, and went into debt to build a little house upon it. He is in poor health, being afflicted with some sort of an abdominal tumor. Recently he called on me and asked me if I could not exert enough influence somewhere to procure him employment, reciting the number of things he could do. He said he had walked the streets until he was footsore and heartsick, and all his inquiries had found no offer of labor he could perform. I wonder if *he* is contented?

Next door, on the other side of my house, live an elderly man and his old wife; they have a family of grown children, several of whom live with them; the boys are doing what they can find to do, none of them I believe, regularly employed, and the girls are working for dressmakers. He lately conducted a small coal and wood yard, but finding the business would not return him laboring wages, he embraced an opportunity of selling it out for a few dollars, and has since been picking up a day's work here and there with his team. He is a rabid populist, and I *know* he is discontented.

Across the street from the house of this last-mentioned man, live a widow and her maiden sister. They came here together some years ago, with a little money, and began speculating in city lots. They have accumulated, by this means, about \$12,000 which they chiefly loan out at the extortionately high rates of interest peculiar to the class of loans they make in these times. They own their home, and would doubtless be, in Professor Canfield's eyes, ideals of contented people; yet they are the most miserable, unhappy, discontented persons I know, and they admit it. Their money is to them a constant source of anxiety and

worry; whether they will lose this loan, whether the security for that is good, why Jones has defaulted his interest, and will Smith pay up, and so on through the whole nerve-wrecking gamut.

And so on through the whole neighborhood; there are a few men who are working on steady wages, but they are constantly oppressed by nervous fears lest they may lose their "jobs." Discontent, uncertainty, from one cause or another, is rampant up and down the whole street; yet Nature smiles, the clouds are gray against a deep blue sky, and flowers blossom into fragrance and wondrous colors; the neighborhood appears pleasant, the people are agreeable when you meet them, every man and woman carrying locked in their own hearts the burden of their own distress.

But let us leave this street and look elsewhere for contentment. Shall we go down to the Southern Pacific Railroad yards and ask that hundred or more locomotive engineers who stayed with the company through the strike last summer and who have just been rewarded for their fidelity by a cut in wages? Shall we ask them if they are discontented? Or shall we inquire of those twenty compositors who have just been let off of their cases on a leading daily through the introduction of typesetting machines?

There is a great deal of building going on at present in the city; let us inquire among the architects. None of them are busy, yet almost every man has one or more jobs in his office through which he manages to keep the establishment afloat. We remark to him that there is plenty of building going on in town just now, and he replies, "That's so, but the architects get very little of it." Ask him why, and he tells you that the contractors do most of it, furnishing their own plans, enabling the owners to avoid the services of an architect. The business, too, is cut up, he tells us. It is impossible any longer to get a living remuneration for the services of an architect. The fees of five per cent on the cost of the building, fixed by the Architects' Association, are lived up to solely by the members of that Association, and if suspicion is correct many of these default in the observance of this rule. Outside of the association, no one pretends he will let a job go because he will not take less than five per cent. "You can get an architect to design you a \$10,000 building for \$50. You will have to look sharp, though, that he does not make it up on you through collusion with the contractor, for he will do it if he can."

If the contractors are doing the bulk of the work, we

reason that these, at least, must be well employed, and with excellent returns. Yet when we move among them, what do we find? The number so great, and the competition so intense, that a \$1,500 building will be figured on by twenty-two contractors!* Ask them if they are discontented, and if so why? They will say there are too many men in the business; too many contractors for the work; that half of them ought to be doing something else; that a contractor can't get a job unless he finds an owner who wants to build, or he can become the favorite of an architect.

But the building trades are not alone in their discontent; it is in all trades, in all professions. A few are doing well; the many are struggling, barely keeping down expenses. If I should send out one hundred letters among the "representative," etc., men of this city and close by, as the professor has done at Lincoln, I should get about the same replies as did he. If I should base my opinion on these, I would come to the same conclusions as reached by him. The discontent does not exist among the "representative" men. To find it you must move among the men who are not "representative." A leading and "representative" hotel man of this city, a year ago, paid \$21,000 for the title to a vacant lot on Broadway. He did nothing to the lot meanwhile, and a few days ago he sold it for \$35,000, making \$14,000 in a year through the parting, for that period, with the use of \$21,000. Our letter to him would, doubtless, come back fulsome with emphasis that there is no discontent; that everything is prosperous and money is plentiful.

The verdict, however, of the laboring man, the proprietors of small business, and of small people generally, would be different. From them the answer would be much like the language of the Salvation Army General Booth, as stated in a recent interview, that these conditions cannot last; the strain is too great; a revolution is going on, and you have only to look around you to see it.

* An experience of Architect Charles W. Davis, Workman Building, Los Angeles, in 1894.

WHITTIER—THE MAN.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

In the habit as he lived.

— *Shakespeare.*

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never:
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul forever.

— *Whittier.*

The life of Whittier, like that of Emerson, was beautiful in its simplicity and naturalness. Aside from the conspicuous absence of the spectacular or dramatic element in his make-up there was a marked freedom from that pernicious artificiality which permeates modern life and exalts the letter while it ignores the spirit. The sincerity and transparency of his life adds greatly to the positive inspiration from which posterity for ages to come will imbibe high, fine truths as from a mighty limpid reservoir, — truths, which, like the teachings of the great Galilean, are so simply clad that they appeal to the unlettered no less than to the spiritually minded among scholars.

It is good to draw very near to such a life, in the same way as it is helpful to journey forth into the country in spring-time when Nature is awaking and on every hand one feels an indefinable uplift born of the glory of new life and its promised fruition.

Mrs. Mary B. Clafin, one of the poet's most intimate friends, in writing of Whittier, says : *

With him duty was commanding, and he always kept before him and acted upon the idea that "beyond the poet's sweet dream lies the eternal epic of the man."

It is necessary to note here, however, that after the war of the Rebellion the poet ceased to be, in a marked degree, an aggressive reformer. True, his instincts were ever on the side of justice, freedom, and progress ; but after the emancipa-

* " Personal Recollections of Whittier." T. Y. Crowell & Co.

tion of the slaves he laid aside the warrior's coat of mail for the quiet Quaker garb, if I may use these objective terms to illustrate mental conditions. This has been to me a source of deep regret ; yet who shall judge when it is merely conviction of what is right at issue? Moreover, I can well understand the poet's feelings, and it is but just that we examine the poet from his own point of view when discussing this change, which so boldly contrasted with the after life of such a heroic soul as Wendell Phillips.

Whittier had made a noble sacrifice when he cheerfully surrendered his cherished dream of political preferment and literary success, and cast his lot in with the little despised band of Abolitionists, in conformity with what he conceived to be duty's august demand. At the time of this great renunciation no epithets were too abusive, no ridicule too cutting, no slander or calumny too gross to be meted out by easy-going conventionalists to the little band who seemed to be in a hopeless minority, but who bravely stood "on duty's vantage ground." After his decision had been deliberately made he had fought valiantly nor faltered once, until the great cause to which he had consecrated his best energies was won and the despised and persecuted minority had become luminous spirits in the eyes of the majority.

Then, and not till then, the strong desire for peace, rest, and an intense longing to be able to ascend the mountain beyond the range of the fierce tumult below overmastered the aggressive spirit which was peculiarly prominent in the early years of his life. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that he was at once reformer and Quaker ; the traditions of his people and a strong inward desire led him to seek that repose which aids in the development of spirituality. If Whittier had in him much of the crusader, he also possessed in a large way the soul which has ever dominated the oriental mystics and sages ; indeed, the blending of these two elements in him was very marked. From his soul could flash that divine indignation which must have lit up Jesus' eyes when he overturned the tables of the money-changers who had taken possession of his Father's temple ; and yet few natures so yearned for peace and harmony, found only on the sunlit mountain peaks of love. From his luminous heart flowed the spirit of divine gentleness, compassion, and love of humanity, which was voiced in such a characteristic expression as his dying message, no

less than in such typical lines as the following, taken from his poem entitled "Worship:"

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

* * * *

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

and these typical stanzas from a poem written to be read at the levee given by the president of Brown University, June 29, 1870:

I touched the garment-hem of truth,
Yet saw not all its splendor.

* * * *

And slowly learns the world the truth
That makes us all thy debtor,
That holy life is more than writ,
And spirit more than letter.

* * * *

For truth's worst foe is he who claims
To act as God's avenger,
And deems, beyond his sentry beat,
The crystal walls in danger.

There is another fact which should be remembered when considering the change which marks Whittier as the prophet of freedom on the one hand and the poet of the *Inner Light* on the other, and that was the almost incessant invalidism of the poet, — insomnia and neuralgia were his familiar companions. After a sleepless night he was often heard to say to his intimate friends in his quaint and semi-humorous way, "It is of no use; the sleep of the innocent is denied me; perhaps I do not deserve it."*

But it is not my present purpose to notice Whittier psychologically so much as to view him "in the habit he lived," and therefore, passing over this profoundly interesting study, we come to view him in his home life.

Few men have ever so thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of their friends as did our Quaker poet, and had his

* One who has suffered as did Whittier can readily see how a soul constituted like his would yearn for peace and rest.

This chronic invalidism, while it frequently rendered it impossible for him to enjoy intercourse with kindred souls, and prevented him from attending public gatherings in which he felt a deep interest, failed to mar his sweet disposition, or ruffle the calm of a soul at once so profoundly spiritual and yet so thoroughly human as was his. What would have embittered most persons only seemed to add to the serenity of his spirit.

health permitted he doubtless would have found much pleasure from social intercourse which was denied him.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was a great favorite of Whittier, although their visits were necessarily infrequent. On one occasion, described by Mrs. Claflin, when the poet and philosopher were out riding, Emerson pointed out a small unpainted house by the roadside and said, "There lives an old Calvinist in that house, and she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself." "Does thee?" said Whittier. "What does thee pray for, friend Emerson?" "Well," replied Emerson, "when I first open my eyes upon the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive and that I live so near Boston." On another occasion Whittier was telling Emerson of an original and somewhat remarkable farmer whom he knew. The great transcendentalist became much interested and remarked, "That man would enjoy Plato." At a later date Emerson sent the poet a copy of Plato to be loaned to his friend. On returning it the farmer expressed the satisfaction he had derived from the volume, adding that "that Mr. Plato has a good many of my ideas."

Longfellow, Lowell, and Nathaniel Hawthorne were among other distinguished literary contemporaries whose friendship Mr. Whittier much prized. About the latter, who it will be remembered was a man of moods, Whittier related to Mrs. Claflin the following personal experience, which, though humorous to the reader, must have been exceedingly embarrassing to the poet at the time. "Thee knows," said Whittier, "I am not versed in small talk; but I wanted to make a friendly call on Hawthorne, and one morning (it chanced to be an ill-fated morning for this purpose) I sallied forth, and on reaching the house was ushered into a lugubrious-looking room, where Hawthorne met me, evidently in a lugubrious state of mind. In a rather sepulchral tone of voice he bade me good morning, and asked me to be seated opposite him, and we looked at each other and remarked upon the weather. Then came an appalling silence, and the cold chills crept down my back. After a few moments I said, 'I think I will take a short walk.' I took my walk, and returned and bade him good morning, much to my relief and I have no doubt to his."

Whittier was a man of strong soul-friendships. Many of his dearest friends (such as John Bright, for example) he loved through spiritual kinship, although not enjoying personal acquaintance, and it is safe to say that all over the

world the humble and unpretentious singer of New England was loved as a brother, counsellor, and friend. In this connection Mrs. Claflin has recorded a delightful episode relating to the meeting of Dom Pedro and Whittier in the following words :

When Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was visiting Boston, he was invited one morning to a private parlor to meet some of the men who have made this city famous in the world of letters. As one after another was presented to him, he received each one graciously, but without enthusiasm. But when Mr. Whittier's name was announced his face suddenly lighted up, and, grasping the poet's hand, he made a gesture as though he would embrace him, but seeing that to be contrary to the custom of the Friends, he passed his arm through that of Mr. Whittier, and drew him gently to a corner, where he remained with him, absorbed in conversation until the time came to leave. The Emperor, taking the poet's hand in both his own again, bade him a reluctant farewell, and turned to leave the room, but, still unsatisfied, was heard to say, "Come with me," and they passed slowly down the staircase, his arm around Mr. Whittier.

Numerous illustrations might be cited to show how profoundly the poet cherished these soul-friendships even when in the flesh he never saw those he had learned to love. One of the most interesting illustrations of this character is set forth in an account given to Mr. Packard by Jessie Benton Fremont, which, aside from giving us a glimpse of Whittier, is a delightful bit of history. After describing their visit to Whittier Mrs. Fremont continues : *

I began by telling him he had strongly influenced my young life, that I was but twenty-two when I cut from a newspaper and pasted in my prayer-book his "Angel of Patience," that the lines

The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will,

were the hardest to get *by heart* I had ever tried, for patience and submission were not natural growths in my part of the country.

"Thy speech is southern; what is thy name?"

"Not yet," I said. "I am southern, but let me tell you more first. I want to tell you of your last, your greatest help to us both—to me and greatest to my husband."

And then I told him as briefly as I could how over thirty thousand men were next day to break camp for active pursuit of the enemy,—the enemies of the Union, Mr. Whittier. It was Sunday evening; the setting sun lit up the October colors of the trees, and picked out the white of tents covering the many hills; the men were hushed into reverent stillness, for the bands played the air, and then voices, swelling to thousands on thousands took up the familiar words:

Before Jehovah's awful throne.

Before that awful throne who could know how soon he must appear? And why? What good attained for which a man should lay down his life?

* John Greenleaf Whittier; *Life and Letters*, by S. T. Packard, vol. II, pp. 461, 462, 463.

The day's mail was brought into the general's tent. He had no heart to open it, for his highest, dearest, purest hopes had been flung back on him and himself disapproved. But I, who was always the secretary and other-self, went on with the things of every day, "taking the burden of life again," and thinking of my reward, when in the New York *Evening Post* there met my eye your inspired, prophetic words.

Uplifted beyond the time of trial, I went out with the paper to where, standing over the fire — as he so often had stood in lonely times of suffering and dejection — was the general, alone. I read him the whole. He was speechless with increasing, overwhelming, glorified feeling — transfigured. Taking the paper, and bending to read it for himself by the blazing logs, at length he said:

"He speaks for posterity. I *knew* I was right. I want these words on my tombstone:

"God has spoken through thee,
Irreversible, the mighty words *Be free*."

"Now I can die for what I have done."

Whittier had grasped my arm, and his eyes blazed. "What is thy name?"

"Fremont."

Without a word he swung out of the room, to return, infolding in his helping embrace a frail little woman, tenderly saying to the invalid he was bringing from her seclusion:

"Elizabeth, this is Jessie Fremont, — under our roof. Our mother would have been glad to see this day."

It seems to have been "one of the ironies of fate" that Whittier, the home-lover and a man pre-eminently domestic in his tastes, should have been denied the companionship of a congenial wife. Many have been the romances hinted at and which have been alleged to have entered into his early life. Probably the best authenticated appeared some time after the poet's death in that critically and ably edited daily, the *Republican* of Springfield, Massachusetts; and although I have found it impossible to absolutely verify its authenticity, it is so probable as well as so interesting I give it below as it appeared under the title of "Whittier's Secret."

The residence of eighteen months in Hartford introduced him to a vigorous anti-slavery circle of higher culture and a more delicate refinement than any he had known, and within that circle, incarnated in a most lovely woman, he was to find his fate.

Among the friends the biographer has mentioned Judge Russ, a man well known in that day for brilliant parts and a handsome person. The family was distinguished for beauty and brightness. Of those members whom Whittier knew, Mary, the oldest, married Silas E. Burrowes. Mrs. Burrowes died of consumption in New York in 1841, at the age of thirty-four. There survived only an unmarried daughter, Cornelia, and one son, Charles James Russ, who twenty years later was a prominent lawyer in Hartford.

Cornelia, the youngest child, born in 1814, was but seventeen years old when she parted from Whittier in 1831. He was twenty-four. The strong anti-slavery zeal of the family threw the two young people much together, and the clear brain and tender heart of the poet yielded to very

uncommon charms. One who saw her during the last year of her life describes her in this way:

"At twenty-eight Cornelia was a most beautiful woman. She had dark blue eyes, like pansies, with long, dark lashes, black hair, and the most exquisite color. If she was like the rest of the family, she was a very brilliant woman."

Judge Russ, who was a member of Congress in 1820, had died in 1832. Of this Whittier probably heard through his friend Law, but that he ever heard of the death of Mary Burrowes or Cornelia there is no evidence. When he was writing his letter of sympathy to the friends of Lucy Hooper, Cornelia was lying on her deathbed. She had nursed her sister through her fatal illness, had imbibed the poison, and followed her in the April of 1842.

The poem called "Memories," to which Whittier attributed a special significance, was written during Cornelia's last illness. He thinks of her as still bright and living, and when in 1888 he desired the poem to be placed at the head of his subjective verse, his heart was still true to her, but gave no token that he knew hers had ceased to beat.

After Cornelia's death her papers passed into the hands of the only surviving member of her family, Charles James Russ, who died in 1861. At that time her private letters came into the hands of his widow, who destroyed most of them, but kept, from pure love of the poet, the precious pages in which Whittier had offered himself to her kinswoman. I have not myself read the letter, which is still in existence, but one who has read it, the present possessor, writes me as follows: "The letter was short, simple, and manly, as you would know. He evidently expected to call next day and learn his fate." Another who has seen the letter writes: "It was somewhat stiff—such a letter as a shy Quaker lad would be likely to write, for that he was in spite of his genius. He begged her, if she felt unable to return his affection, to keep his secret, for he said, 'My respect and affection for you are so great that I could not survive the mortification if your refusal were known.'"

Cornelia Russ was sought in marriage by several distinguished persons, but she died unmarried and she kept Whittier's secret. His poem suggests that the stern creed of Calvin held them apart—a thing very likely to happen in Connecticut half a century ago; but if he had known that she had changed her early connections for the more liberal associations of the Church of England he would have seen more distinctly "that shadow of himself in her" of which the poem speaks.

Those who are familiar with "Memories" will recall the "hazel eyes" and "light brown hair" which it commemorates, and fancy perhaps that there is some mistake. It is not likely that Whittier forgot the color of Cornelia's eyes or hair. In some effusive moment he had shown the poem to James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. In 1850, when Cornelia had been dead eight years, they wished to publish it, and he was very reluctant. He had not outgrown his early passion, and before it was printed undoubtedly changed a few descriptive words to screen the truth, it may be from Cornelia herself. She never saw it, but I think he died believing that she had.

Rumors of this story reached me long ago, but I would not print a mere surmise, and by long and devious ways leading through probate offices and town registers, through church records and private papers, in a varied correspondence that has occupied two months, have I followed the story as I tell it.

Although denied a wife, Whittier enjoyed for a long period the very intimate companionship of his best-beloved sister as well as the association of some other members of the

little group who composed the home circle when he was "a barefoot boy." For his sister Elizabeth, however, he ever cherished the deepest affection. She had poetic talent and was as keen as well as sympathetic critic. Early in the autumn of 1864 this sister passed upward, and in a letter to Lucy Larcom dated Sept. 3, 1864,* the poet wrote :

I feel it difficult even now to realize all I have lost. But I sorrow without repining, and with a feeling of calm submission to the will which I am sure is best. If I can help it, I do not intend the old homestead to be gloomy and forbidding through my selfish regrets. *She* would not have it so. She would wish it cheerful with the "old familiar faces" of the friends whom she loved and still loves. I hope thee and other friends will feel the same freedom to visit me as heretofore.

In October of the same year Whittier wrote Grace Greenwood the following letter which brings us very near to the heart of the poet : †

My dear sister's illness was painful and most distressing, yet she was patient, loving, and cheerful even to the last. How much I miss her! how much less I have now to live for! But she is at rest. Surely, few needed it or deserved it more, if it were proper to speak of *desert* in that connection. A pure, generous, loving spirit was hers. I shall love all her friends better for her sake. The autumn woods are exceedingly beautiful at this time. I miss dear Elizabeth to enjoy them with me. I wonder sometimes that I can be cheerful and attend to my daily duties, since life has lost so much of its object. But I have still many blessings — kind friends and books, and the faith that God is good, and good only.

There is a fund of quiet humor running through many of Whittier's letters, an example of which is given by Mr. Packard in the following :

There was a report abroad early in '67 that Whittier was about to marry. He refers to this in a letter to Lucy Larcom of March 16. "Credulity! thy name is woman. So thee believed that report almost? Well, it may be true, but the first intimation of it came to me through the newspapers. *They* ought to know. I can't imagine how the report was started. It vexed me, but of course there was no help for it. It is the cruellest irony to congratulate a hopeless old bachelor, within one year of sixty, on such prospects. I don't know about this 'freedom of the press.'"

To another correspondent who had written him in regard to the same matter, the poet replied :

The idea of offering matrimonial congratulations to a hopeless old bachelor trying to thread a needle to sew on his buttons! As well talk of agility to a cripple or a rise of government stocks to a town pauper. Of course thee did not believe this silly story. I don't care much about it, but I should be sorry to have to read congratulations upon it by every mail. I wish the newspaper scamp who started it nothing worse than to be an old bachelor like myself or to have a wife like Mrs. Caudle.

* John Greenleaf Whittier; *Life and Letters*, by S. T. Packard, vol. II, p. 480.

† John Greenleaf Whittier; *Life and Letters*, by S. T. Packard, vol. II, pp. 481, 482.

Few persons outside the poet's circle of friends knew that he was color-blind. His biographer thus refers to this defect:

Mr. Whittier had the misfortune to be color-blind in respect to the shades of red and green. But he thought he had an unusual appreciation of the yellows which fully compensated him for this defect. He saw no difference in color between a red apple and the leaves of a tree upon which it was growing. It was only the white or yellow rose that had for him any beauty except of form. He thought he enjoyed the splendors of an autumn landscape in a wooded country as much as the ordinary observer, especially if there was a fair admixture of yellow foliage. When he brought home bouquets of leaves it was noticeable that yellow greatly predominated. Perhaps his preference for the goldenrod as the national flower was partly due to its color. His mother discovered this optical defect, when a little boy he was picking wild strawberries. He could see no difference between the color of the berry and the leaf. "I have always thought the rainbow beautiful," he once said with an amused smile, "but they tell me I have never seen it. Its only color to me is yellow." A reddish brown book was handed him on the cover of which were lines of bright scarlet, and he was asked to tell the colors as he saw them. He thought the book was a dark yellow, and the scarlet lines stood out to him as bright yellow.

As with other lives, he who studies that of Whittier will constantly come across facts which are perplexing. In his opinions he was what his friends termed "firm," his critics "set," and his enemies (for in the aggressive period of his life he made foes) "stubborn." Then, again, there was present that strange inward struggle between the Puritan and Quaker, the "Peter and the John," the occidental and the oriental. He was by turns a shrewd and somewhat narrow New Englander, and at other times a broad idealist and mystic. Yet, with all this, his life was so pure, transparent, and noble in purpose and permeated with a childlike simplicity, that the outgush of his soul best mirrored the man. Thus in his letters and poems we gain a fine insight into the character of the poet. His remarkable self-control in later years was due to self-mastery. Mr. Packard observes:

It would be a mistake to suppose that gentleness was a necessity of his nature; it was in reality the result of resolute self-control and the *habitual government of a tempestuous spirit*. He was quick and nervous in movement, but never otherwise than dignified and graceful. In conversation he spoke slowly and with precision, hesitating occasionally without the slightest nervousness for the word he wanted. This must have been the result of his habit of self-restraint, which became his second nature. He religiously curbed his tongue, and said of himself that he was born without an atom of patience in his composition, but that he had tried to manufacture it as needed.

Perhaps few men of such fine and lofty impulses have ever felt more keenly their shortcomings than did Whittier. In a

letter to a friend written in 1879 he uses these touchingly frank expressions :

I have been looking over my life, and the survey has not been encouraging. Alas! if I have been a servant at all I have been an unprofitable one, and yet I have loved goodness, and longed to bring my imaginative poetic temperament into true subjection. I stand ashamed and almost despairing before holy and pure ideals.

Other mental states are shadowed forth quite as forcibly in various stanzas of which the following is a fair example :

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by;
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

And again, the following paraphrase of a Sanscrit maxim, entitled "The Inward Judge," reveals the firm conviction of the poet :

The soul itself its awful witness is.
Say not in evil doing "No one sees,"
And so offend the conscious One within,
Whose ear can hear the silences of sin
Ere they find voice, whose eyes unsleeping see
The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say "I am alone."
For, seated in thy heart, as on a throne,
The ancient Judge and Witness liveth still,
To note thy act and thought : and as thy ill
Or good goes from thee, far beyond thy reach,
The solemn doomsman's seal is set on each.

Another glimpse of the true poet and man is found in these lines from "At Last:"

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

* * *

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

His strong faith in God, man, and the future is a very striking characteristic of Whittier. It tinges his poems and lights up his personal letters as the sun lightens the passing cloud with splendor. Thus, in a letter to Lucy Larcom we find this strong conviction:

As we glide down the autumnal slopes of life how the shadows lengthen and deepen, but "in the even-time there shall be light." "Death," said the heathen stoic, "is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature," and there is deep wisdom and consolation in his saying. But as Christians our trust is not alone in the steady sequence of nature, but in the tender heart of our Father and the infinite love revealed in His human manifestation.

And again this same lofty faith is found in these exquisite stanzas among other pieces:

O golden age, whose light is of the dawn,
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
 All the old virtues, whatsoever things
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung
 Or seer has told of, when in trance and dream
 They saw the happy isles of prophecy!
 Let justice hold her scale, and truth divide
 Between the right and wrong; but give the heart
 The freedom of its fair inheritance.
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
 At nature's table feast his ear and eye
 With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
 Give human nature reverence for the sake
 Of One who bore it, making it divine
 With the ineffable tenderness of God.
 Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,
 The unsolved mystery round about us, make
 A man more precious than the gold of Ophir,
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
 Should minister, as outward types and signs
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
 The one great purpose of creation, love,
 The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

It has been observed that every one puts much of himself into his work, and this is peculiarly true of a life so transparent and simple as that of Whittier. Thus, I think that nowhere can we come into closer relationship to the real man

than by a careful perusal of his works. His familiar form has left us. His benign smile is no more seen, even among the small circle of his loved friends and companions, but his fine thoughts, his inspiring words, which reveal his real worth as well as the divine mind, remain to enthuse, strengthen, and ennoble the present and the generations that are to come, while the remembrance that his was a pure life, devoid of the feverish artificiality which so marks our occidental civilization, lends additional lustre to his lofty thoughts. The life and work of one like Whittier are an inestimable blessing to mankind, and his influence will continue for ages to come, for his thought was at once permeated with love and in alignment with freedom, justice, and progress.

CLUB LIFE VERSUS HOME LIFE.

BY G. S. CRAWFORD.

Clubs in some form may be said to be coeval with civilization. Without searching into the remote past for particular instances, we find among the Greeks the *Eranos*, an association which gave to its members the means of enjoying at their joint expense a feast or other kind of entertainment. It also afforded mutual aid to the *Eranistæ*, or, in other words, it provided a form of insurance for the benefit of those who made contributions for this particular purpose. There is reason to believe from certain regulations cited by Lipsius that clubs likewise existed among the Romans. The name itself, among other derivations, has been traced by Dr. Johnson to the Anglo-Saxon word *cleofen*, to cleave, from the division of the reckoning with the host.

"The modern club" of Addison's day as well as of our own is, as he says, "founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned as well as the illiterate, the dull as well as the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part." The earliest London clubs held their meetings at some tavern or coffee-house which gained distinction from the men who frequented it. English literature abounds with allusions to these associations as well as to the places of public entertainment which they made famous. *The Mermaid Tavern*, *The Thatched House*, and *The Turk's Head*, as well as *The Club*, *The Apollo*, *The Kit-Kat*, *The Mohawks*, *The Beefsteak*, and many others, are almost household words, while the leading spirit of each has been made known to us in the lives of our poets, wits, and philosophers. Macaulay tells us that Johnson's conversation was never so brilliant as when he was surrounded by a few friends at the *Literary Club*. These friends who gathered about the learned doctor were Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Gibbon, Jones (the greatest linguist of the age), James Boswell, the doctor's born "slave and idolater," and Garrick. It is not surprising, therefore, that a club composed of men of such genius and varied accomplishments became, according to the same

author, "a formidable power in the Commonwealth." It was at *Button's* that Addison, if we may believe Pope,

Like Cato gave his little senate laws
And sat attentive to his own applause.

Dryden reigned supreme at *Will's*, and Swift drew up the rules for the regulation of *The Brothers*, with whom decency, "the improvement of friendship, and the encouragement of letters" were primary objects, "none of the extravagance of *The Kit-Kat* or the drunkenness of *The Beefsteak* is to be endured," nor, we presume, was the devil expected to be entertained here as with *The Mohawks*, with whom it was the custom to leave a vacant chair at the head of the table for this willing guest, who, whether present in the spirit or in the flesh, could not fail to feel at home where the seductive motto, "*Fay ce que voudrais*," taken from Rabelais, was placed over the door.

The rules for the *Apollo Club* were composed in verse by Ben Jonson. Among other recommendations for fellowship he sets forth the following :

Let learned civil merry men b^e invited
And modest too, nor be choice ladies slighted.

The last clause reminds us that women were not exclusively dependent upon the invitation of men for their enjoyment of club life. Long before Jonson's hospitable intent was made known, they also were in the habit of assembling at the tavern to drink and to gossip. Upon these occasions of reunion each, as became a good housewife, brought her share of provisions in the same manner as at a picnic. An old song of the fifteenth century lets us into the secrets of one of these gossip meetings. From it we infer that the Bavarian of to-day in his matinal search for the choicest cask of beer is not more eager than were those good dames in quest of "wine of the best." After a general discussion upon this subject, one of the gossips, so runs the song, says she knows very well where the best drink of the town is to be had, but she begs that the information may not be imparted to her husband. The place of meeting having been agreed upon, the women proceed thither two and two, in order that they may not attract attention, for, said one, "God might send me a stripe or two if my husband should see me here." "Nay," said another, "she that is afraid had better go home; I dread no man." The dangers by the way having been escaped, the

tavern is finally reached, where, after wine had been called for,

Ech of them brought forth ther dysch,
Sum brought flesh, and sum fych.

The conversation that ensues concerns the goodness of wine and the unsatisfactory nature of husbands in general, to say nothing of particular instances of their perversity.

In the old *Mysteries*, Noah's wife is not infrequently taken as the type of the married woman of the middle class. We learn from the *Chester Mysteries* that when Noah came to seek his consort for the purpose of putting her into the ark, he found her at one of the taverns drinking with her gossips: apparently she prefers to perish in their company rather than to survive with her husband; at any rate, she stoutly refuses to go with him unless her gossips shall likewise be saved. From high words, Noah and his wife come to blows, which are finally interrupted by their three sons, who succeed in dragging their reluctant mother into the ark. This arduous rescue having been accomplished, we are not surprised that Noah should exclaim:

Ha, ha! Marye, this is hotte,
It is good for to be stille.

It is difficult to say what was the motive that induced women to abandon the tavern so much earlier than men. It may have been "the stripe or two" sent by Heaven, or otherwise administered, which effectually put an end to "gossip meetings" in public places.

The transformation of the social club into the political, or rather the combination of the two, was a natural consequence in England, where State matters have always ranked as the most important of human considerations. In the days of Queen Anne every shade of political opinion was represented by a club, and in later times such organizations served to develop and disseminate political opinions of the most diverse character. *The Carlton*, *The Conservative*, *Brooks's*, *The Reform*, and others are now looked upon by their members as the nurseries of free institutions and the schools wherein many of the manly virtues are learned. Nor do science, literature, and the arts lack for representatives in this field of human association.

In our own country, clubs embody almost as many interests as on the other side of the water. As a social institu-

tion, the club threatens not only to modify old theories of life, but, under the somewhat altered conditions of society, to create new difficulties for the men and women of the present day. The question now is not as hitherto, What will promote the pleasure of men alone? but, What will subserve the best interests of society, what will insure the integrity of the family and afford the largest possible means of expansion for each of its members? Talleyrand, it is said, was in the habit of maintaining that the success of representative institutions in England and the habit of self-government was due to the custom on the part of ladies of leaving the dinner-table before the gentlemen, thus giving them the opportunity for the discussion of political and other serious matters; but when all is conceded to the humanizing effect of good cheer, and to the "after-dinner philosophy," which Horace so warmly praises, there yet remains considerable doubt concerning the amount of wisdom likely to survive the heavy eating and liberal drinking of that day. If the occasional separation of the sexes for social intercourse "has a tendency to brace and stimulate the masculine mind," the club far more than the dinner-table has served, it is claimed, to develop a love for liberal forms of government. The teachings of history, however, reveal the fact that the Anglo-Saxon appreciation of free institutions clearly antedates the foundation of London clubs or even of English after-dinner etiquette.

So long as the interests of women were confined to a narrow range of subjects and the privileges of education were denied, it is easy to believe that conversation with them would naturally assume a frivolous tone, but even under these adverse circumstances the difference in point of wisdom and vivacity between the average talk of the drawing-room and dining-room was not, we fancy, so great in times past as we are sometimes led to suppose. Dean Swift, whom it has never been the custom to regard as the special friend and ally of woman, has said nevertheless: "The degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequence thereof, hath been owing among other causes to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing or in the pursuit of an *amour*. . . . If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics and indecencies into which

the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall." There is reason to believe that as a restraint only this influence upon men is no longer necessary; but the growing interest which intelligent women now take in all branches of learning and in social questions has served undoubtedly to reduce still further any discrepancy of intellectual tone that may formerly have existed.

One of the chief objections to the club is the separation of the sexes which it brings about. It must, however, be admitted that normally constituted women would be quite as much bored as men by constant intercourse with the opposite sex; the renewal of contact being one of the principal sources of the charm and refreshment which men and women get from each other's society. On the other hand, a mother who has the welfare of her family at heart naturally wishes for her sons and daughters the advantages of agreeable and improving associates. She can secure at her fireside the presence of superior women. It is, however, more fitting that the head of the house should introduce its male visitors; but if, instead of bringing his companions to his home, he seeks their society at the club, the family circle loses the beneficial effects of contact with men whose opportunities for knowing life it may be presumed are both varied and instructive. Without this class of influence the home cannot be a true school of manners or accomplishments.

The convenience of the club is so manifest and many of its forms so unobjectionable that it would be not only unreasonable but futile to remonstrate against its existence. The club is here, and undoubtedly it has come to stay; the main question is how it can be kept within the limits of legitimate use, and rendered harmless to the home, which as an institution vastly outranks it in importance. It is the custom for the moralist, the sociologist, and the philosopher to lay great stress upon the sanctity of the home, which they call the foundation of civilization and the safeguard of society. It is well claimed that upon its preservation depends the permanence of the advance that has been made over the primitive animal instincts and the conquest that has been gained over some of the grossest infirmities of human nature. And yet when all has been said we leave this citadel exposed to assaults which are no less insidious than dangerous.

The home should be organized and developed in every possible way in order that it may present counter attractions

greater than any afforded by the club ; it is therefore worth while for women to consider the means by which this enemy of the fireside may be rendered less dangerous. Organization and concerted action are the controlling principles of modern life ; so the success of the club, its comfort and luxury, are due to co-operation. The benefit of this method of dealing with the practical questions of life might well be extended to the household, which thus far has been left to haphazard expedients for the realization both of its material and spiritual welfare.

It is needless to say that the development of the home in accordance with its highest possibilities is attended by difficulties proportionately greater perhaps at the present time than ever before. The wavering allegiance to authority in all of its forms, the loss on the part of parents of prestige which formerly belonged to them by virtue of their position, are both marked features of our social life. To pose for dignity and infallibility without the qualities to maintain the position is fortunately no longer possible or profitable. A greater sincerity has undoubtedly entered into our lives, but we have to pay the penalty for the exercise of the individual judgment which it involves, by larger concessions to individual rights. The household has in consequence lost its solidarity ; parents, in ceasing to be tyrants, as they were too often of old, have not yet learned to be guides in the best sense. Nevertheless, freedom of action and the unrestricted development of the individual on the line of his gifts or aspirations are so thoroughly inherent in our society that it is no longer possible to work out our regeneration on any other basis than that of freedom.

If the family is to be held together and rendered capable of achieving all that lies within its field, it must in a large measure be through the sympathetic co-operation of each of its members ; for however favorable circumstances may be, it is difficult to overestimate the infinite pains and diligence necessary to secure the conditions which go to the making of a cheerful and agreeable home. These conditions cannot be brought about or be maintained single-handed by any one member of the family ; without co-operation the struggle to secure this end is not only too great but too ineffective to be persisted in for any length of time. Hence there come discouragement and the abandonment of principles and ideals which with mutual aid might have become fixed and

fruitful sources of happiness. The atmosphere of the home is too often dull and insipid, not because its inmates are destitute of enlivening qualities, but because they fail to exert themselves for the entertainment of those with whom they are thrown in daily contact. Even where circumstances do not permit of the enjoyment of those pleasures of life which depend upon leisure and wealth for their gratification, the sharing of well-organized labor may be helpful and prolific sources of sympathy and good-fellowship.

Women undoubtedly are often responsible for the existence of comfortless and inharmonious homes, but it is frequently the case that men otherwise conscientious in the discharge of their duties and diligent in the accumulation of wealth and luxuries for their families, are without sympathy and without knowledge of the inner life of those who constitute the household. The children of such men are left almost exclusively to the care of the mother, whose knowledge of the world and whose intellectual attainments are, generally speaking, inferior to those of her husband. She is therefore better fitted to co-operate with his plans than to take the lead in such matters. We believe that the majority of the women thus left to their own resources do the best they can, but they do not succeed in accomplishing the half that might be done if some part of the time which men spend at the club were devoted to solving the problems of the household as well as contributing to its pleasure. It is no part of the expectation of any reasonable person that a man after business hours should hold a Sunday-school class or otherwise labor in a perfunctory fashion for the edification of his family; but a little hearty and unrestrained intercourse with his children would enable him to promote their interests in ways far more vital than by the excessive accumulation of the superfluities of life. It would be well for such men to learn from Plato that it is better "to limit the appetites than to feed them fat."

Many a man learns for the first time the true character of his son when he is called upon to extricate him from what is commonly known as a *scrape*. The sympathy of his friends, to which upon these occasions he would naturally be entitled, is properly diminished in view of the complacent manner with which his responsibilities as a father have too often been put off upon the school and the college. If a man will persist in looking upon his home as a dormitory and a restaurant and

nothing more, if he seeks his pleasure at the club, and is manifestly bored and *distract* at his own fireside, he cannot expect his sons or daughters to reflect credit upon him or to be sources of comfort in his old age.

The morally healthy man uses his club with the same degree of moderation that he does the other accessories to the pleasures and comforts of life ; but there are a large number of men who cannot, strictly speaking, be called healthy or unhealthy, but may be made the one or the other by the influences to which they are subjected. When the club is regarded, as is sometimes the case, not only as a substitute, but even as a compensation for the absence of a home, it cannot be otherwise than detrimental to the best interests of society. Its influence upon unmarried men especially would seem to be unwholesome, if for no other reason than because it accustoms them to a degree of luxury and an exaggerated standard of living difficult to attain, even if it were desirable, in the ordinary household. It furthermore encourages a class of celibates who in the absence of family ties lose the strongest incentives to unselfish and noble exertion. There is no reason to doubt that clubs exercise now the same influence upon character that they did in the days of the keen-witted Theodore Hook. This close observer of his kind, once the light and life of the *Athenæum Club*, gives among others the following instructions in his well-known "Advice to Members of Clubs :

When you are reading one newspaper always lean your elbow or sit upon two or three more, so that you may have them at hand when you are ready for them. If you are in the habit of taking a nap morning or evening always take it at the club, especially if you snore. You may look ridiculous with your mouth open and provoke some caustic observations, but that is no matter if you are refreshed. You will sleep better with a newspaper on your knees, or the newest publication open before you. When sitting on one chair, coil up your legs and feet on another, or stretch yourself at length on a sofa with your dirty boots on it. Never mind spoiling the furniture or soiling the small clothes of the member who may come next. Always use the club and live in it as if it was your own home in every respect, without regard to what must happen if every member did the same. . . . If you see three or four friends anxious to dine together at a particular table, occupy it, although alone. You have as good a right to it as they — nay, a better if you order your dinner half an hour earlier. . . . Leave the door open on leaving or entering the room, or, if you shut it, slam it, etc., etc.

The reason which Mrs. Gore urges, by way of apology for clubs, we fear will scarcely be more soothing to the vanity of men than the "Advice" of Theodore Hook. "London

clubs," she says, "after all, are not bad things for family men. They act as conductors to the storms usually hovering in the air. The man forced to remain at home and vent his crossness on his wife and children is a much worse animal to bear with than the man who grumbles his way to Pall Mall and; not daring to swear at the club servants or knock about the club furniture, becomes socialized into decency. Nothing like the subordination exercised in a community of equals for reducing a fiery temper."

In this somewhat caustic delineation, Mrs. Gore has undoubtedly touched the keynote of reform in recognizing the power for good that lies in a "community of equals." Unlike the average English household of her time, there are found in the best American homes of to-day that identity of interests and equal sharing of advantages which her theory demands, and which need only to be more fully appreciated in order to secure still further social advance.

We think we are safe in saying that the domestic virtues exist in inverse ratio to the number of clubs in any given community. The Frenchman is less exemplary as a husband and father than the Englishman, and the latter is more tyrannical than his descendant in America; even in our own country there is, in manner at least, an appreciable difference. In those sections where the club is less of a social element, men are more dependent upon the society of women for their pleasures, and are more gallant and attentive to their wants. Nowhere in this country are women treated with so little courtesy in public places as in some of our Eastern cities, and nowhere do unmarried men more completely absolve themselves from all social responsibilities. The feeling akin to hostility which the fierce competition of the industrial world has brought about between men and women in the Atlantic States, is unfortunately not confined to the world of labor. Elsewhere, whether owing to the derelictions of men or to the aggressions of women, the fact nevertheless remains that there is a tendency not only to be independent of, but in a measure antagonistic to, each other. This is the discordant note in the world of progress and of enlarged opportunities now enjoyed by women. Men no longer seem to consider themselves as formerly the natural guardians and protectors of the weak, nor do women perhaps receive the courtesies that are extended to them with that same degree of graciousness as in times past; many of them, in their eager desire to

establish the claim to equality, virtually ignore the innate differences between the sexes. In consequence of this crude social apprehension, as far removed from "sweet reasonableness" as the exaggerated romanticism of a bygone period, men and women are tempted to lose sight of the delicate consideration which should influence their conduct toward each other.

No one can doubt that the sort of haggling to which we are becoming accustomed, about rights, sentimental privileges and obligations, is unfavorable to the development of the highest virtues of mankind. It is to be hoped, however, that the present is only a temporary phase in the evolution of the perfect society of the future, wherein, let us trust, the masculine and feminine elements will reign in their due proportions, strengthened and ennobled by mutual sympathy and helpfulness. Far be it from our purpose to invoke the elusive spirit of chivalry or to lay undue stress upon gallantry, that parent of vain and empty forms; nevertheless the theory of life which they suggest is far more inspiring and far better calculated to give charm to social intercourse than our present patient endurance of the desiccated and prosaic elements in society.

The drawing-room, under the influence of men's clubs, dinners, and suppers, has ceased in a great measure to be the stronghold of women or the recognized outlet for her social and mental faculties. Even in France the club and the restaurant are superseding the salon, notwithstanding the fact that French women have always shown themselves to be the greatest adepts in the use of its resources. Before the foundation of the *Cavéau*, the parent of the modern literary club, scholars and authors in France found their most congenial home and fairest promise of fame in the literary salon, first invented by Malherbe, the "*lion en permanence*" at Madame d'Auchy's receptions, and afterward perpetuated by many brilliant women from Arthenicé to Madame Récamier and Madame Molé. It has, indeed, been suggested that had Shakespeare been a Parisian he would have been *lancé* by some distinguished lady, perhaps by a Duchess du Maine, or the more humble but none the less effective Madame de Persan. Whether men of letters now scintillate in the salon or clink their glasses in the café, literary clubs no longer seem to hold the same conspicuous place in French society as in times past. Furthermore, since the famous clubs of the Revolution, *The*

Feuillans, *The Royalists*, *The Jacobins*, and *The Girondists*, the French government has pretty steadily frowned down the political club. *The Institute* and *The Academy* are associations rather than clubs; therefore the robust and manly interests which give dignity to many of the English and American clubs are said to be wanting in the enervating atmosphere of the luxurious club-houses frequented by the men of wealth in France. From all we can learn these social clubs are the nurseries of vice. If the rich man deserts his fireside and spends his evenings at the club, the poor man does not want for places of entertainment. The café and the cabaret everywhere, no matter how small the village, entice him to drink and to gamble. These places are apparently the after-dinner resort of the whole male population, and on fête-days, instead of the accustomed four or five hours, many spend eighteen out of the twenty-four within their walls in the gratification of sloth and appetite. It is not to be wondered at, where the club and café in town and country distil their secret poison into the very heart of family and social life, that the home should fail to embody the highest ideals of French society.

Were there not a tendency in our country to reproduce the conditions we have just described, we might hold the *marriage de convenance* responsible for French immorality; but this clearly is not the only cause. We are inclined therefore to regard the club-house as one of the principal agents in arresting certain forms of social progress. The American home is menaced not by the desertion of men alone. There is a large class of women, and one under present influences more likely to increase than diminish, which also seeks diversion in clubs organized for their especial benefit. This class is composed largely of the unmarried, but it also includes the married woman who is reckless of the consequences of her actions, and she who is disheartened, spiritually lonely, and who feels that cares and vexations without reward or approbation are depressing and dreary companions. These women, therefore, eagerly throw aside the burdens that rest upon them, and seek outside of the home the distractions and varied contacts which come to most men in the pursuit of their ordinary occupations.

Whatever may have been the origin of the club in other countries, there is sufficient ground for believing that it owed its being in New England not so much to the presence as to

the absence of the social instinct. The Puritan, amid the unaccustomed hardships and rigor of the country of his adoption, more easily divested himself of the rich social vesture of the old civilization he had left than did his brethren who remained under traditional influences. Therefore in the course of time he had to reconquer his social heritage, and in doing so developed an intellectual recognition of the value of human intercourse more powerful than the impulse which led toward its fulfilment — an impulse which it was found necessary to fortify by an obligation and back by a stiff resolution. Under these circumstances, opportunities for contact and good-fellowship became a matter of deliberate calculation and consent. In addition to the usual inducements for congregating together, some form of intellectual entertainment was frequently offered as a substitute for solitary thought and as a reward for leaving the fireside and braving the hostile elements. Thus we are led to infer that to be clubable and sociable are not necessarily one and the same thing. In those parts of our country where the climate is mild and nature permits man to wander forth when and where he lists, the friendly recognition of the street corner, the front door, and the open window all serve to stimulate as well as to satisfy the social craving without the need of giving it much thought or premeditation. Under these circumstances a man does not feel called upon to weigh the significance of words so easily exchanged, to question himself as to the worth of a conversation which otherwise needs to be justified in view of the storm-door, the bell, the tardy maid, and the acquaintance who descends only upon demand and with the air of one who knows the value of time.

Notwithstanding Mr. Lowell's assertion that "ceremonious thrift has bowed hospitality out-of-doors" we cannot help believing that the club has been the most powerful of all agents in its expulsion. The social club which meets from house to house has undoubtedly much to be said in its favor. The objection to be urged against it, aside from its monotony, is that where these associations exist in any great numbers spontaneous hospitality is practically unknown. The prescribed occasions of festivity occur so frequently when the male, the female, the mature, the adolescent, and the infantile members of the household all belong to separate clubs, that there is little spirit or energy left for any other form of entertainment. It is also a well-known fact that people as a

rule entertain the club not because they want to, but because it is their turn to do so ; hospitality thus comes to be looked upon as a fateful penance rather than a pleasure, and the guest at these reunions is one who enters upon a right, instead of being the recipient of a special act of courtesy, without which the finest flavor of hospitality is lost. This coercive and organized form of social intercourse is, however, doubtless the best fruit that originally could be grown under the influence of Calvinism and on the battle-ground of domestic service in this new world of ours.

The unwillingness of spirit which withholds the house-keeper from a rash offer of bed and board is the result of no transitory emotion ; it has been evoked by the grim realities of extra work which may be a remembered pain or the present accompaniment of all such acts of courtesy in households where there are no spare hands and where women already have enough to do. It is in its relation to such matters that the club, in view of our growing materialism, stands as a perpetual menace and rival to the home. The practical care concerning the contents of the larder and the capacity of the cook is one of the main reasons why a woman can never be entirely in sympathy with the male members of her household in the belief that a festivity must necessarily be a feast ; nor can she altogether suppress a remote sense of superiority over masculine grossness when she reflects upon the facility with which she is able to gather the men of her acquaintance around the dinner-table who on other occasions of social reunion are generally conspicuous by their absence. Since we no longer, as a people, wander in the desert or the wilderness, and are not often visited by periods of famine or invaded in our homes by deadly foes ready to snatch the food from our mouths, it is difficult to understand why the primitive appreciation of the opportunity to eat at the expense of another should linger in these days of security and plenty. Nevertheless, whatever may be the opinion of individuals concerning these matters, the current of humanity has set in the direction of the dinner-table. Men are almost unanimous in regarding it as the place of greatest mental as well as physical refreshment. It is vain to deny the pleasure which in its perfected form this mahogany flower of materialism is capable of diffusing over our lives ; it is, moreover, one of the most available weapons in the magazine of social resources with which to combat that form of the club which, avowedly or not, undertakes to supplant the home.

The question before society is as simple as it is important. Our civilization rests upon the education of the home ; the good gained from the household cannot be won elsewhere. Whatever advantages the club may afford for political training, it cannot compensate for the evil it does in debilitating the life of the fireside. It is the duty of all who recognize these obligations to struggle, as the keepers of the best winnings of society, for the elevation of household life. This end can best be reached by a clear understanding of the dangers that attend the removal of the pleasant offices of the home to places where the family as a whole is not admitted. All the material gains of our time will be as nothing if the household is not maintained as the chief seat of social interest and pleasure.

A SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Reformers are crying out bravely and lustily against the perpetual struggle for spoils and self-aggrandizement among our party leaders, and are directing the full force of their accusing and denunciatory energies at the political corruption which they fearlessly expose. But what, after all, is political corruption but the wider outshowing of individual and social selfishness that thrives and flourishes with small rebuke in the circles where our leaders are courted and fêted without troublesome inquiry after such immaterial circumstances as character and motive? For the matter of that, the same thing goes on in nearly all conditions of life where our future politicians are being reared and where they are imbibing through unconscious but powerful educational influences the spirit that culminates in public fraud and national dishonor. We sow to the winds and reap the whirlwind. Back of the heart of things lies the evil that we denounce. The body politic may not be cleansed of its corruption before the domestic and social life is turned from its worship of the gods Sham and Mammon. All legislation for the administration of justice and equal opportunity must inevitably fail so long as the claims of a common brotherhood are socially disregarded. It is not enough that such claims are religiously and sentimentally discussed. Until they are practically acknowledged in the private and social conduct of a people boasting of Christian and democratic principles we cannot condemn the public and political defaulter alone.

In social functions, certainly, woman does not have to clamor or wail for her rights, but may show forth here and now the spirit in which she will fulfil to the uttermost the duties of a fully enfranchised American citizen, pledged to the support of a just and equal government by and for the people. As the recognized law-giver in social ethics, she need not draw the lines of distinction less markedly against the vices and impurities of her own rank and station than against a class whose worst crime is the absence of means and opportunities to reach the standard of culture and refinement which

even simple association would insensibly tend to improve and elevate. Nor is she more immaculate and virtuous when she hedges herself away from the vicious and depraved in the lower ranks of society, than when without reproach she opens wide her doors to the libertine and profligate who lives alone for sensual, selfish gratification, and contributes no more to the best welfare of society at large than the wretched Lazarus lying without the gates.

One woman, realizing her sacred rights in the conviction that our democratic ideals are at the best too limited and partial in expression, has, in association with another of similar conviction, carried the gospel of human love and helpfulness into one of the lowest wards in the city of Chicago, and founded a home whose social amenities and educational influences are open to all who will respond to its cordial hospitalities.

The names of Jane Addams and Hull House have become familiar not only to the residents of Chicago, but to all readers interested in sociological studies and experiments. But there is with the general public a misapprehension of motives and uses which does injustice to the broad spirit and purpose of the founders and sustainers of this noble social settlement. It is crudely supposed that a woman, or a company of women, going voluntarily into an ignorant, impoverished, and alien community must be actuated solely by motives of charity and self-sacrifice, or by a pious longing to give and be given for righteousness' sake, taking credit and great satisfaction for their praiseworthy effort to save the lost and convict the sinning.

But it is especially desired by Miss Addams that Hull House shall not be regarded as a philanthropy in the sense of conferring charitable benefits from the high altitude of a superior order of beings whose benevolence is restricted to religious exhortation and eleemosynary services.

The mission of Hull House is simply one of pure neighborliness. It assumes at the outset that there is to be an exchange of kindly offices and mutual benefits. It sits down in the midst of its humble neighborhood with the idea of sharing the influence of its larger opportunities with those whose lives are defrauded of the light and beauty that belong equally to all. It has no cumbrous theories to which it is bound to conform, but is ruled only by a loving intelligence that constantly seeks the best good of the community of which it has, by free choice, become an important and a responsible part.

Right here, perhaps, it would be well to quote what Jane Addams herself has said of the Social Movement.*

I cannot, of course, speak for other settlements, but it would, I think, be unfair to Hull House not to emphasize the conviction with which the first residents went there, that it would be simply a foolish and unwarrantable expenditure of force to oppose or to antagonize any individual or set of people in the neighborhood; that whatever of good the house had to offer should be put into positive terms, that its residents should live with opposition to no man, with recognition of good in every man, even the meanest. I believe that this turning, this *renaissance* of the early Christian humanitarianism, is going on in America, in Chicago, if you please, without leaders who write or philosophize, without much speaking, but with a bent to express in social service, in terms of action, the spirit of Christ. Certain it is that spiritual force is found in the settlement movement, and it is also true that this force must be evoked and must be called into play before the success of any settlement is assured. There must be the overmastering belief that all that is noblest in life is common to men as men, in order to accentuate the likenesses and ignore the differences which are found among the people whom the settlement constantly brings into juxtaposition. . . . The settlement, then, is an experimental effort to aid in the solution of the social and industrial problems which are engendered by the modern conditions of life in a great city. It insists that these problems are not confined to any one portion of the city. It is an attempt to relieve, at the same time, the over-accumulation at one end of society and the destitution at the other, but it assumes that this over-accumulation and destitution are felt most sorely in the things that pertain to social and educational advantage. From its very nature it can stand for no political or social propaganda. It must in a sense give the warm welcome of an inn to all such propaganda, if, perchance, one of them be found an angel. The one thing to be dreaded in a settlement is that it lose its flexibility, its quick power of adaptation, its readiness to change its methods as its environment may demand. It must be open to conviction and must have a deep and abiding sense of tolerance. It must be hospitable and ready for experiment. It should demand from its residents a scientific patience in the accumulation of facts and the steady holding of their sympathies as one of the best instruments for that accumulation. It must be grounded in a philosophy whose foundation is on the solidarity of the human race, a philosophy that will not waver when the race happens to be represented by a drunken woman or an idiot boy. Its residents must be emptied of all conceit of opinion and all self-assertion, and ready to arouse and interpret the public opinion of their neighborhood. They must be content to live quietly side by side until they grow into a sense of relationship and mutual interests. . . . They are bound to see the needs of their neighborhood as a whole, to furnish data for legislation and use their influence to secure it. In short, residents are pledged to devote themselves to the duties of good citizenship, and to the arousing of social energies which too largely lie dormant in every neighborhood given over to industrialism.

In these few words — worth pages of description — is given a close insight into the deep philosophy that has impelled and inspired the life of the settlement which is now in its seyenth year. It has, as was said, no rigid theory or rule of conduct beyond the simple law of human kindness, which

* See first essay in "Philanthropy and Social Progress," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

seeks, first of all, to do the best that can be done to lessen ignorance and mitigate the evils which may not be at once removed. This, indeed, might be a hopeless work if it were not sustained by an abiding faith in the equal aspiration of human nature to reach eternally after the highest good, which, with continually unfolding powers, it becomes more and more capable of conceiving.

From first to last there has been no partial, one-sided effort in special lines of reform, but an earnest, thoughtful consideration from many standpoints of the widest assistance that could be given the neighborhood as a whole. And the whole, in the view of these philosophical workers, includes the settlement itself; for whatever is accomplished in the elevation of the people with whom they have freely cast their lot, is believed to rebound, to revitalize and enlarge the mental and spiritual perceptions and activities of all who feel themselves a part of the life of the race.

The men and women who have been drawn to the gratuitous work of the social settlement by the pure force of its human claims are of the generously cultured class who are conscious of a need to expend their energies in wider and more satisfactory uses than are found in the polite and sometimes hypocritical amenities of a society that exists for itself alone. So far, by the mere bent of their desires, they are adapted to the moulding influences of a co-operative work in which each must be willing to renounce personal pet theories and assimilate so far as possible with the larger plan that includes and directs all activities to the best results.

Hull House is no place for reformers with one idea, or for riders of hobbies of any sort whatever. It is in itself a school of large and varied culture, a school that is not ready to announce its full and absolute solution of the social problems with which it deals, but which, with earnestness and humility, is feeling out its way to the truest methods, by united endeavor, of bringing the two extremes of city social life into harmonious and helpful relationships that shall in different ways equally benefit both.

In this altruistic scheme there are ample and manifold opportunities for each to follow the line of his or her aptitudes in the diversity of uses developed by the work in its continuous progress. One of the remarkable things about the settlement is the fervor and swiftness with which response has been made to its needs, the army of resident and non-

resident workers showing how strongly the spirit of Christ is seeking, on the borders of the twentieth century, to embody itself in broader and diviner expressions of love and human fellowship. Some of our deepest thinkers on social and ethical grounds have been numbered among the speakers and instructors in the clubs and classes which have been formed from the various nationalities that make up the population of this nineteenth city ward, numbering about fifty thousand.

The Working People's Social Science Club, meeting weekly at Hull House, touches on some of the vital subjects relating to the well-being of the neighborhood, and calls into activity whatever useful knowledge and influence there is with the people themselves to work for the promotion of good citizenship. The bare effort to give a wider outlook on matters which have been mainly discussed in the two hundred and fifty saloons of the ward by demagogues and low politicians, is in itself a fair step toward the higher education which is sought.

To co-operate with every moral force existing in its neighborhood, to antagonize nothing that can be brought into nobler relations with a movement that is seeking a universal good, has been always a principle with the residents of Hull House, who would make local institutions, as far as possible, contributory to the mutual advantages at which the settlement aims. With its hospitable doors open to social entrance from all sides, it radiates an unconsciously refining influence, which is perceptibly felt and responded to in the awakened aspirations and gradually improving conditions of the surrounding people, who in turn act as an inspiring force to those who are attempting to bring a new atmosphere into cramped and defrauded lives. For the one thing insisted on by the settlement workers is that benefits must be mutual to be of wholesome use, and nothing is done in the self-righteous, pharisaical spirit which makes the recipient of favor feel a mean, inferior creature of whom nothing innately good and noble is expected.

The social evenings at Hull House, where the guests are adroitly won to give their best, have developed resources undreamed of by the casual and unsympathetic observer content to draw a rigid, inflexible line between what is termed "the upper and lower classes." How many fairly educated and refined people have been driven into the low tenement quarters, whose cheapness is their first and inevitable consideration, only those who are giving themselves to the life of the

social settlement really know. The foreign population contribute likewise from their national history, literature, folklore, and native melody much that is picturesque and entertaining as well as instructive to the lover of humankind.

Literature classes, mathematical classes, classes in physics, and college extension classes are fully attended, demanding the faithful attention of the large faculty of college men and women who voluntarily give their services from term to term, their numbers being re-enforced as the need exists. The students are mainly employees in shops and factories, or maybe clerks, typewriters, and public-school teachers seeking the advantages of higher study, inaccessible to them through ordinary channels of learning in expensive universities. No charge is made for teaching, but students pay fifty cents a course to defray small incidental expenses, any surplus being turned toward a fund for distinguished lecturers, many of whom serve on the programme of public speakers who always find large audiences in the gymnasium, a building recently added to the ample and hospitable old family residence known as Hull House. A supplement to the university extension courses has been made through the free use of Rockford College buildings and laboratories during the summer months when the college buildings are emptied of their regular pupils and faculty, and expenses for board have been cheapened sufficiently to admit of the attendance of a fair number of students who have thereby been able to combine study with country recreation.

A reading-room supplied with books and periodicals from the Chicago Public Library is free to all, both foreign and English literature being accessible through the system of delivery employed by this library.

An art exhibition room has been provided in what is known as the Butler Gallery, where the best pictures that can be obtained are exhibited from time to time to admiring visitors whose appreciation must be measured by the average attendance of thousands during the afternoons and evenings of the two weeks in which the exhibits are continued. Classes in clay modelling and free-hand drawing are also held in the studio connected with the art gallery, and fine work is being done. In the musical art, also, there is a promising class under the instruction of a composer whose high standard is not lowered to please assumed low tastes, and concerts, free to all, are given every Sunday afternoon with classic programmes,

looking to the development of cultured taste and understanding, which is measurably realized. For everything in this direction is to be hoped when we are told that the Apollo Club of Chicago, resolving to give the oratorio of "The Messiah" to the wage-workers in factories, where low-priced tickets were sold, was astonished by the demand for twenty thousand when the auditorium holds but forty-five hundred people.

Of the especial departments for the care and training of children in this large-planned social settlement on Halsted Street we have not space to adequately speak, though we must not omit mention of the late erection of a four-story building devoted entirely to the children, and comprising club-rooms, kindergarten, nursery, studio, and music-rooms for their use, under control of skilled and conscientious teachers who hope to solve some of the hard problems in the life of the city child, and open the way to a wholesome development of natural powers. Nor can we fail to name the Jam Club, a co-operative boarding club of working girls, numbering now about fifty, who, with weekly dues of three dollars each, run a substantial and happy home of their own in the vicinity of Hull House, meeting all expenses and enjoying all the freedom and comforts of domestic life.

In so brief a paper it is impossible to give more than a passing glance at the manifold good which this first social settlement in Chicago is doing for the neighborhood and the city at large.

Active in all departments that relate to municipal law and order, earnest in its advocacy of the rights of labor, steadfast in its purpose to secure an even-handed justice for the people with whom it specially deals, it ranks among the strongest forces that are working all together, without cant or sectarian spirit, for the long-promised and sure-coming kingdom of peace and good will among men.

MAHAYANA BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH CHENEY.

Bhagavat Tata Giata Sakyamuni had one of the essential qualities of a great man; he understood human nature, and from this knowledge there came to light the Tripitaka (three baskets).

To insinuate truth, Bhagavat adopted a method quite peculiar and economical, one that would seem almost paradoxical to the ordinary teacher, who wastes a great part of his strength in pouring from himself profundities of thought which are never understood, much less assimilated, by his disciples. Bhagavat did nothing of the kind, but taught in three ways; these were the Nindenyana, the Hinayana, and the Mahayana.

The mass of the people of India at the time of Buddha were undoubtedly, like the mass of humanity of this nineteenth century, unable to conceive of truth in its essence or principle, and consequently were only ready for instructions strictly exoteric and mandatory. The *reason* of a law the people never debated, the law itself was enough. Hence the Hinayana of Bhagavat; and to-day in the Orient a great proportion of Buddhists know no other way than the (little way) Hinayana.

But before I explain the difference in these methods of teaching, I wish to state that the truth of the three *yanas* is really the same, and the seeming paradox implies no contradiction at all.

The Western world has helped on the misconception of what true Buddhism is, and has so distorted the meaning of Bhagavat's teachings, that we have but a travesty of the original conception. Scholars from the Orient are astonished at our interpretation of their religion, and in despair attempt in their broken English to make it clear to us.

To get at the real meaning of Bhagavat, one must divest himself of all prejudice and sentiment; superstition must fall from him as a worthless garment, and reason and pure logic must be brought to bear upon the study. To correlate with the mind of Bhagavat, one must use the method of

Bhagavat, which was none other than inductive and deductive reasoning. From known laws he deduced facts, and from collected data and experimental knowledge he discovered principles. If he used illustration, parable, poetry, behind it all was the never-failing reason.

To understand Bhagavat, one must generalize as well as specialize. In seeing the variety in the unity, he must equally see the unity in the variety.

The Hinayana disciple knows but little of the true Bhagavat, and consequently less of the nature of Buddha. Only the Mahayana scholar gets a conception as broad as Bhagavat's own, and, becoming enlightened, needs Bhagavat no more. The great teacher retires as it were, his mission accomplished, and the numerous books of the Tripitaka lie dusty upon the shelves.

The Nindenyana, taught by Bhagavat in the Deer Gardens of Benares, when he was first enlightened, contains five moral precepts. They are: "Not to kill," "Not to steal," "Not to commit adultery," "Not to use immoral language," "Not to drink intoxicating liquors."

The law of cause and effect was also carefully explained *from the point of ethics*; this is the doctrine of Nindenyana. In the Hinayana are explained four truths; they are: "Evolution," "Dissolution," "Sorrow," and "The Path." He taught with this two hundred and fifty moral laws to the male and female priests, and ten to the novices. This is Southern Buddhism, and the essence of the doctrine is to grasp the kernel of peace and tranquillity which lies concealed in the apparent discord of human suffering. By following the Hinayana precepts, one stumbles without knowing how or why into the path of peace, though the Hinayana disciple does not understand in the least the real essence itself. He takes, as it were, a remedy given him by a physician for some unknown disorder, and recovers health by a means not comprehended by himself.

The Hinayana teaching is analogous to the laws given by Moses called the "Ten Commandments." Humanity as a mass blindly obeys these precepts, never looking back of the ethics into the principles they involve. The reason *why* thou shalt not kill, the reason why thou shalt not steal, is never asked. The delicate and finely drawn distinction between right and wrong growing out of the necessity of relativity is not once discerned by them. The Hinayana

Buddhist must have a priest and a Tripitaka, as the exoteric Christian must have a church and a Bible.

In the Mahayana it is explained that the very exoteric aspect of life itself is tranquil, that one beholds a perfect equilibrium when he judges from the point of unity, and that the apparent discord and unhappiness only exist in the mind of the person himself; that really there is no discord or evil, and if he becomes enlightened enough to understand Mahayana, he will recognize this stupendous fact.

Though the precepts of Mahayana number from ten to two hundred and fifty, the real law is existent in the human mind to which these precepts correspond. This is Northern Buddhism, and is especially taught in Japan.

The foundation of Southern Buddhism is an exoteric obedience to laws, while the Northern is perfect harmony of the mind itself with the universal principle of the universe. The Hinayana disciple judges from the point of specialization or relativity, while the Mahayana disciple judges from the absolute or the whole. The former sees blindly and but a short distance around the arc of his existence; the latter, with one sweeping glance, takes in the complete circle. In other words, he sees the principle or principles, and having a powerful deductive capacity, extracts for himself whatever of life he desires. The former sits among an array of facts with no understanding of the law which enfolds them.

To comprehend Mahayana one must understand Hinayana, but to know Hinayana one is not necessarily conscious of Mahayana; Hinayana is included in Mahayana. The mind must have learned to generalize in order to grasp Mahayana, but even a child when trained from the principle of mind itself, in other words taught to reason, can comprehend it.

Though Bhagavat seems to teach creation, in reality he does not. The principles are eternal, beginningless, endless; the symbol of life is the circle. The many manifestations would indicate beginnings, but really it is the same everlasting Ego manifesting in various forms by incessant changes, having no actual starting point anywhere; only for the sake of specializing temporarily does Bhagavat speak of a beginning and ending.

The idea of a Creator is superfluous; but as the manifestation of phenomena is endless, and from the law of specialization no two things are ever exactly the same, each new

manifestation might without much objection be called a creation.

Bhagavat conceived the magnificent premise of the eternity of all things, and abolished the necessity of an anthropomorphic Creator. All modern science confirms the truth of the fundamental principle of Bhagavat, and the master at the Deer Gardens of Benares commands now as he did in the palmy days of ancient India, the respect of all students and thinkers.

There really is — to simplify the teaching of Bhagavat — but one principle, *Ekayana*, or Mahayana, and all the innumerable laws of relativity, when perceived from the point of unity, are the *one* law of unity.

All phenomena have really the same spirit of Buddha, but being manifested in different stages of development in the world of matter, they seem entirely foreign to each other. Though all things animate and inanimate have the nature or spirit of Buddha, all things are not conscious of the same, and unless we become aware of our potency we can never realize the Nirvana of Mahayana, which, though potential in everything, is comprehended but by few.

Meditation is the secret of the power of the Mahayana Buddhist. By meditation he unites his thought with the universal sea of mind, and truth becomes one with his consciousness. He is then enlightened, — he knows.

Buddhism teaches pure reason, which is none other than cause and effect, and the Mahayana Buddhist understands this. All Mahayana disciples know very well that the *Maha Meru* of Bhagavat meant only the heights of mind, though so crudely and uncharitably interpreted by the Western Encyclopædia to mean an actual mountain with its literal twenty-four heavens above it, never once admitting that it is symbolic only, as is much of Bhagavat's teaching.

To destroy Karma, or the law of cause and effect, is not to annihilate the seed of life itself, but simply by the Nirvanic principle to transcend environment. As the Nirvana of Buddhism is admitted by Buddhists to be enjoyed now and in this life, and that one may become conscious of the law of it at any time, how it can mean extinction, as stated by some, is more than I can understand.

To transcend the law of Karma, to be conscious, in one's individuality, of the unit, and thus as an individual apply the law of the unit, is not extinction, but complete life, because

it is the life of all and may be experienced at any time by any one who becomes conscious of his Nirvanic potency. It is life, not death, life overwhelmingly grand, and the world has yet to grow before it can reach the stature of Bhagavat, although he lived about twenty-five hundred years ago.

Though the word Nirvana means to blow out, as I said before, it does not necessarily mean the extinction of the individuality, for the principle of specialization makes that impossible; it simply implies the practical annihilation of the laws of specialization by the one law of generalization, or the conscious realization of the unit by the individual.

The true Mahayana Buddhist speaks of the Nirvana as a law, a principle. Paul, the Christian apostle, must have had an idea of it when he said that one might become a law unto himself.

The Nirvana, instead of extinguishing the individuality of man, brings to his consciousness a startling conception of the stupendous grandeur of that same specialization called himself. He realizes that he partakes of the essence of the unit, and that his present manifestation is but one in an endless chain of expressions; and as no individuals are expressing exactly the same aspect of the unit at the same time and place, infinite variety becomes possible.

The Nirvana also means intense activity, not restless, frictional, but harmonious activity.

The balance power of Minaka Nushi, an old mythological god of Nippon, would seem to illustrate perfectly the Nirvanic potency with which he ever adjusts himself to his environment by rising superior to it in his supreme consciousness of unity. This seems to be a contradiction, but it is not.

Mahayana Buddhism has been nourished in Japan, and accounts perhaps for the Western misunderstanding of the character of the Japanese. Though there are a great many sects of Mahayana, unlike the sects of Christianity they do not differ one from the other in their real meaning, but all teach the Great Way, their method of imparting truth alone distinguishing them; consequently the majority of the Buddhists of Japan understand the Mahayana, whether belonging to the Hosso, the Kusha, the Shingon, or any other of the sects.

There seems to be a renaissance of interest in Buddhism in this country at present, and it is quite important that the highest form, the Mahayana, so little comprehended by the West, should be explained.

The Japanese race are a living and unique example of a nation founded upon reason. That they are a race of students no one can doubt who has watched their career in the Western colleges, and that they are Spartan patriots every one knows who has read their history and followed them through the late war. I do not pretend to say that all the Buddhists of Japan understand fully the simple grandeur of Mahayana; but a people who feel as conscientious about the *making* of a sword as in the *using* of it, a people who do not console themselves in the time of suffering with platitudes about punishments inflicted by the divine will, or blessings in disguise, but who between sobs and falling tears talk of the law of cause and effect,—such a people have, to a greater or less extent, the conception of Mahayana. It is impossible to enter the Great Way without realizing the stupendous dignity of one's self, and in discovering this there looms up to the astonished eyes the grandeur of one's race.

That consciousness of liberty which comes to a people who understand Mahayana, that freedom from priest control, that absence of fetich worship, are tremendous factors toward enhancing their self-respect, and in binding them so firmly together with chains of patriotism that they become almost invincible.

The suns of nations have risen and set since Ananda listened enraptured to the words of Bhagavat as they fell from his lips. Great teachers have come and gone. From Socrates to Aurelius Antoninus the splendid intellects of Greece have been exercised about the soul of man.

The Jewish Christ and the camel driver on the desert of Arabia have read the open book of revelation and prophesied eternal life.

Minds of the brilliancy of a Kant and a Hegel have wrestled with the knotty problem of being, but nothing has been given to the world to supersede the knowledge of the *one* principle of the universe, the *awful Ekayana*.

The teachings of the master Buddha, who discovered that experience and inference would guide the soul to the paradise of Nirvana, have never been transcended since the sun glittered on the spires and minarets in the ancient days when he trod the soil of India. And now, as the glow of the dawn of the twentieth century heralds a coming morning, the keen specialists of the West recognize that between the covers of the Tripitaka may be found the duplicate of the key with which modern science unlocks the doors of truth.

THE CONVICT QUESTION.

BY J. KELLOGG.

It has been said that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." While this is probably true, and many men are inhuman in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and thousands are made to mourn because of neglect, or by overt acts of their fellows, yet it is gratifying to note the fact that there is a growing tendency on the part of the human family as a whole to alleviate the sufferings of the needy and afflicted. Let it be made known that a woman or child is sick and in need, many warm hearts will respond and contribute to their necessities. Let a noble man get a limb broken, or become mangled while pursuing some honorable vocation, the people in that vicinity respond to the "distress call" at once. Let a city be burned, and women and children be rendered homeless and destitute, or let a drought or frost or grasshoppers or tornado destroy the crops of any section of the country, rendering the people destitute, and the appeal for help be made, the whole country will at once come to their rescue. This shows that the human heart is not so bad as some would make believe.

There is a class of sufferers, however, who are largely overlooked, but who are doubly entitled to our sympathy and assistance, although they may not have made any appeal. That is the families of convicts — men who have violated the laws of the State, and who have been sentenced and are serving terms of greater or less length in the penitentiary. In the majority of cases these men were the sole support of a wife and children, or mother and sisters. These helpless people are innocent of the crime for which their protector is convicted, but they are made to suffer more than the criminal. A man may, in the heat of passion, possibly while defending his honor or that of some loved one, take the life of his fellow-man. He is tried before a jury of his peers and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for say twenty years. Another may commit a similar infraction of the law, and being tried before another jury, is sentenced for only five years. Still another may be convicted of a less offence, but be sentenced for a

long term. This imprisonment, although meted out unequally, may seem under existing laws to be just, and it is supposed to be not only a punishment of the guilty, but is intended, also, to restrain others from violating the law in a similar manner. In such cases the greater sufferers are the wife and children. They are not only humiliated because of the odium which attaches in such cases, and because they are often ostracized by former friends, but they are deprived of the actual necessary support they have been accustomed to receive from their protector, and, besides, are burdened with debt incurred for the purpose of defending the loved one. This ought to be and may be remedied by very simple and equitable means. The convict is assigned to hard labor for the State during the term for which he has been sentenced. For this service the State gives nothing in return. It may be right to punish the offender by putting him at hard labor and by imprisoning him, but the State should make some compensation to his family for this service. This compensation should be graded according to the kind of service rendered, say from forty to sixty or eighty cents per day. This should be paid monthly to the family of the convict if he has one. In case he has no one dependent on him, then it should be invested for his benefit in a savings association, so that when his term of imprisonment shall have expired he may have some capital with which to start anew, and thereby become a good and useful citizen, and not be turned adrift into the world without any means of support with the "mark of Cain" resting on him, every man's hand being against him. If he is supplied with a small amount of capital which he has earned and is of right entitled to, he will have an opportunity to begin life again. This is but just and should be carefully considered by our Legislatures.

There is another question in connection with the foregoing which needs to be considered; it is this: convicts should be given access to a library of wholesome and instructive literature during their leisure hours. This library should be provided by the State. It is more important to the convicts than the food they eat or the clothing they wear. If the State neglects or refuses to supply it, then some humane society or benevolent person should furnish it. In doing this, you turn the thoughts of the prisoners away from crime and prison walls into higher channels; and who knows the possibilities of such an effort? Some of the most popular books, some which

wield a large influence in directing the human mind, were written in prison. It cannot do harm, and will doubtless do much good, leading many of the inmates to become worthy and law-abiding citizens after having served their term of imprisonment.

The States now turn their convicts loose upon the world, after years of penal service, without a single serious effort looking toward their reformation, if we except possibly a so-called religious service on Sunday; and this service is often forced on many of the more ignorant class, whose lives have been spent in irreligious quarters, against their wishes.

This library might be supplemented with lectures occasionally, say once a month, on such subjects as enter into the daily life of all classes of successful upright citizens, and thereby stimulate in the prisoners a desire to become proficient in some special line of work. There are men in these prisons clothed in the convict garb who are intelligent, energetic, and perserving, and who could succeed in almost any vocation they might choose, if the State would only use the proper methods of philanthropy to secure such results. Instead of trying to make a profit on convict labor or even make it self-supporting, it will redound greatly to the benefit of the State, and it would be a nobler work, if practical plans were fostered for the reformation of these unfortunate people. This is a work to which every legislator and every philanthropist might devote many hours of thought with credit to himself and his State.

ETHICS THE ONLY BASIS OF RELIGION.

BY R. B. MARSH, M. A.

There are those who teach that morals are the outgrowth of religion; that morality that is not founded on religion is not pleasing to God; that a man's good life will count for nothing when he comes to die.

These teachings seem to me false and harmful. Religion being a sense of God's spiritual presence and love, communion with Him and with the spirits of all good men and angels, a consciousness that we belong to the spiritual world and are immortal, is the outgrowth of morals, the flower and fruit of right doing. That right doing is the only foundation upon which this spiritual temple can be built.

Jesus told his followers that if anyone would do the works that he commanded he should know that his teaching was of God. The young man who was seeking this eternal, or spiritual life, was told to keep the commandments. In his enumeration of the necessary commandments, he said nothing of the one in regard to the Sabbath, which teaches the foolish idea that God made the world in six days, and the still more absurd thought that He rested on the seventh. He did not refer to the one forbidding all works of art, and calling God a jealous God, with unreasonable anger against unborn generations. When Zaccheus professed his purpose of being honest and charitable, he was told salvation had come to him.

We can hardly imagine the sweet peace that would come to us if we and all around us were moved only by the highest ethical love. Kindly people who profess no religion are more pleasant to live with than the most religious who lack the sweet amenities of life. Our young people have little talent for religion, but they enjoy being good and kind. A religion barren of good works was what Jesus especially condemned.

John, the forerunner, told that Jesus would cut down all the trees that bore not good fruit, that the chaff would be winnowed from out the grain, and the grain garnered. He emphasized a good life. He refused to read even from

Isaiah the words, "day of vengeance of our God." * He forbade the keeping of the law of Moses, where retaliation was commanded. "Thou shalt not bear false witness," he said, and did not limit the command to refrain only against one's friends. He did not call morality "filthy rags." Nor did he tell them that "good works done by an unconverted man were of the nature of sin."

I believe in religion. I prize it above all things. If this little life were all, this world our universe; if there were no over soul; no spirit world that floats like an atmosphere around this world of sense; if death ended all, ethics would be all-sufficient.

To believe in the existence and loving care of the invisible God; in the cloud of witness and friendly spirits that are around us day and night; in the immortal state into which we shall be born when the body is cast aside like a worn-out garment, these seem to me the unseen things which are eternal, though no scientific investigation can demonstrate them.

The rock became soil; the soil produced vegetation; vegetation sustains the animal; the animal culminates in man, the reasoning being; man matures into the spiritual, the angelic. If we live aright the spiritual will mature and its pleasures take the place of the physical as they decline. As the physical eye grows dim, the spiritual opens; as the sun rises the stars are hid. In the rapture of the spiritual we shall not lament the loss of the physical; the body is of value because of the spirit.

"Gently, so have good men taught, gently and without grief, the old shall glide into the new." For this we were brought forth, for this the ages produced us; howbeit that is not first that is spiritual, but that which is physical; howbeit that is not first that is religious, but that which is ethical.

John, preparing the way for the Gospel, told the soldiers and tax gatherers to resist their special temptations; all people to divide their abundance with the needy, that is to reform on ethical principles, and so be ready for the new ethical religion, the reign of the heavens, or of the higher law on earth. Jesus said little of the next life, as it is called. The laws which govern the soul are the same in whatsoever body the soul may be. His judgment was on the basis of kindly deed, not on faith in him or in anyone. Love to man is love to God. No man can love God whom he hath not seen, if he does not love his brother whom he hath

* See 61st chapter.

seen. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," because the Father dwells in me and speaks and acts through me. We must be a friend and helper to others if we would show our love to the Father. The word for this kind of love means goodness in action. The love of a friend for a friend was not the kind of love Jesus asked of Peter, but the love that feeds the sheep, feeds the lambs, the love that does good and lends, looking for nothing in return.

We may be sure that not only our acts, but even our thoughts affect others. There is a spiritual atmosphere into which our spiritual desires go for good or ill. No man liveth unto himself. Love, peace, joy, kindness, bring forth after their kind. Even the horse and the dog of a kind man are better and happier, not only in what they receive but in what they become. Nothing brings so sure a reward as kindness. To order our thoughts, words, and acts aright is the most important work we have to do. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." Others seem to us to be what we are ourselves. If we are false, mean, and tricky, all seem to us to be as bad as we are. Only an honest man can believe in honesty; only a loving man can see love in others. Only the loving and true can have a loving God. Our hearts are a mirror in which we behold all things. If the mirror is imperfect it will distort all that we behold. Even the sunshine and the common sounds of day are bright and pleasant, or gloomy and funereal, as our mood is. So much depends upon ourselves that some have thought that the outside world is but the creation of each one's imagination. The warlike people of old had a "God who taught their hands to war and their fingers to fight." St. John and St. Whittier had no such God, because they had no such hostile feelings. Love to men springs from loving treatment of them. If we injure a man we can never forgive him. If we prophesy evil of a man, we rejoice when he goes wrong, thereby justifying our evil thought of him. The Christian believers, as they are called, can never forgive Paine and Ingersoll for living grand lives. They feel as though something had been taken wrongfully from them, since these do not live as they think men who reject their dogmas ought to live.

When one goes wrong no one can tell how much these evil desires and ill prophecies have to do with it. We are our brother's keeper. If he goes wrong we are responsible, if we have not used every effort of mind and heart to prevent it. As foul diseases are borne in the atmosphere unseen, but do their deadly work, so spiritual diseases, by a

law just as sure and fatal, are caught, are communicated. We shall never be safe while diseases of soul or body exist. Papers and books full of noble deeds of self-sacrifice, such as the history of our early struggle for liberty, begat sons and fathers ready to defend the right. Papers full of the accounts of foul crimes, vivid recitals of deeds of darkness, are infected. If such things are, it is bad enough; to publish them is like spreading the seeds of loathsome diseases. The things that are pure and good should be thought, talked, and read about. Religion must fall upon good ground, or it will be gross superstition. It is fearful to hear new converts boasts of their crimes before conversion. What must we think of the reformation of a man who is not ashamed to win the applause of the superstitious by such recitals. A temperance lecturer who has no gutter experience will not draw.

People do not believe in the inevitable law of cause and effect. Their rewards and punishments are arbitrary. The old superstitions still cling to us. If the ancients missed their aim or fell, they charged it to an evil spirit. If successful, they vowed large offerings on the graves of their ancestors; or Jephthah-like, swore to offer the first that met them on their return. Our children are taught in Sunday school to honor their parents that their days may be long, to honor the Lord that their barns may be filled and their presses burst out with wine. As though a man could be called moral who did right for large crops or long life, or refrained from wrong to keep off spring floods. Better teach a child to honor his parents lest he beget children that shall dishonor him. In the light of this "first commandment with promise" how can we account for nearly all the good Sunday-school boys dying young!

Another thing that stands in the way of a high ethical practice, is the belief that the laws which govern here will not govern on the other side of death. It is supposed, in face of all New-Testament teaching, that only our church and prayer-meeting record is to be considered in the expected judgment. There are few who believe that a life insurance policy for wife and babe is a better passport into the celestial city than church membership or baptism. We are taught that at death we go to our reward, as though our reward was not in what we are rather than what we shall receive, or where we shall be. Let us do right as we eat good food, not for reward but for health. Who asks reward for being well in body or soul?

When we know the truth it will not be hard to do right.

We have long been taught that to do right is so hard a task that if it were not for the reward in the next life it would not be advisable. Where does Jesus teach goodness as a preparation for death? Only those who preach an unnatural and corrupted religion do this. The kingdom of heaven is in the heart, and is its own evidence and reward. Eternal life is being good and pure. A drunkard cannot enter it while he is a drunkard, of course. But they teach that he must get converted, that is enter the kingdom, before he can break off drinking; thinking that getting converted cures him of drunkenness, instead of breaking off his evil habits bringing about conversion. They try to have the fruits without the tree. Religion is not a means to an end, but the fruit of right living. No sense of spiritual things can come to a gross and sensual man. No realization of the goodness and love of God can be felt by a hard-hearted and cruel man. No sense of love can come to us higher than we have experienced toward others. It is thus that the merciful man shall obtain mercy. These seek religion as insurance against death instead of as a great joy in life. Right doing has its reward though we die to-night and never wake. Why should we ask a reward in the next life for having been well and happy in this?

The wrong-doer thinks he will not be found out in this life, and will repent and accept Jesus as his substitute before death, and so escape all penalty. This is at the bottom of much deliberate crime. It is a fearful thing to know to what an extent our religious teachings have effected this result. Buddhism is far ahead of the common Christianity in this respect. When we hear people complain of their good deeds not being rewarded, that is, not meeting with adequate returns, we see they do not know the law; nor have they done good deeds. They have selfishly done something for a reward or return, and, not meeting with this, they feel defrauded.

If they have really done right, from the only right motive, their reward is sure, and no one can rob them of it. They will become the children of the Highest. From this false notion of looking for a reward in turn from others, they have come to believe in a God who is looking for return, demanding praise and sacrifice, being angry when he does not receive it. It is surely better to be a free giver than a thankless or even a thankful receiver. To do good for thanks, to give up something here in hopes of a great reward hereafter, though considered Christian motives, are low and base, and unworthy of us all. To expect a heaven of idle-

ness and luxury as a reward for good deeds can never be called moral, nor truly Christian, nor God-like. Doing right is to them as the taking of better medicine is to a child. The love we feel for others is far more important than the love they have for us. It is to be something, not to receive something, that all should aim at; not what we have done, but what we have become by doing, is the all-important thing in life.

God will give us no peace till we seek it in the right way. We are too high ever to enjoy low things. If we act like brutes we shall not have even brutish enjoyments. Our souls can never be fully satisfied till we have filled them with the loftiest motives, the highest thoughts. Our hearts are empty till full of true love. Our lives have a sad feeling of failure, till we employ them aright. The laws are perfect, they need no supernatural interference. We must learn them, obey them, live them, or we shall have no peace in any world where God rules.

Reason and experience are our only guides. God by his spirit giveth man understanding. Reason and observation have given man freedom in the physical domain. Observation of the ethical phenomena of the race would give large results for good. Herbert Spencer has devoted the best years of a marvellous life to the subject of ethics, from an agnostic view-point, and has come to the conclusion that none can be happy, safe, or good, till all are happy, safe, and good, coming to the exact conclusions with Jesus from his spiritual view, as taught directly by the spirit of the Father, showing the harmony that exists in the universe. Conscience is not a guide to right action. It but compels us to do for peace' sake what we believe to be right. The heathen mother cast her infant into the red-hot arms of Moloch as conscientiously as any mother ever brought her child to be christened. There is not an ethical law of to-day, whether it be forgiveness to enemies or faithfulness to one's wife, whose very opposite has not been just as conscientiously followed out by others. Emerson says: "The laws of nature are in harmony with each other; that which the head and the heart demand is found in the long run, for what the grossest calculator calls for his advantage. The moral sense is always supported by the permanent interest of the parties."

There is no physical good that we esteem which is not insured to us by the highest ethics. But if we pursue it for this object, we shall not be ethical. "Honesty is the best policy," but he who follows ethical courses for policy's sake

is not honest, any more than the thief who refrains from "holding you up" when he sees you are armed, is an honest man. The doctrine of forgiveness of penalty, instead of the putting away of the sin itself, not the penalty, has done grave harm in morals. There is no escape from the penalty of wrong doing. Our children must suffer, too, for what we have done; no doubt we shall know it, to our great agony. There is fearful physical retribution for the sins of the body, but they are but the visible representations of the harm done to the moral nature. We learn the law so slowly. Our prize fighters are still heroes. War is honored. Thousands are spent to try a man for crimes which a good dinner might have prevented.

Our police wander the streets with gross faces and big clubs, to catch a man breaking the law, and we have no force to prevent the crime by coming in to help the hungry and desperate man in his extremity. Millions for punishment, but not one cent for prevention, seems to be our motto.

Let us remember that the lack of eyes to see and hearts to feel is all that stands between us and the loftiest visions and the most ecstatic bliss. What could the longed-for heaven give us, if we were still blind to beauty and deaf to love?

They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,
Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

THE MORNING OF A NEW DAY.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

We have come to a new stage in our political experience as a nation. The old party maxims are worn out, and refuse to conjure any more. Whether we realize it or not, the present is a political renaissance. The resistless issue of free coinage opens the door wide for the admission of discussions long postponed. Events do not wait to be heralded, though the preparations are always making for them a long time before.

The silver question becomes a mother question, whose offspring will one after another appear to solicit an answer at her maternal knee. The past life and experience of our country is gathering to crystallize in new forms. Reason and reflection are drawing the ulcerating sliver of old party struggles and passions, and proposing larger themes for the people's more thoughtful treatment. An issue is at last before them which the mere political purveyor cannot misstate nor they misapprehend. The industrial element is superseding the corrupting forces of the past in public administration. The social and ethical influence is taking the place of the power-seeking only; the fraternal and humanitarian, the barren rules of selfish ambition. The scale comes down at once when the triumph of truth and manhood and patriotism is weighed with the cheap prizes of power and place and selfish personality. All is in a state of transition — passing over to a higher level — being renewed in a more capacious and creative spirit.

And there is every reason why we should be profoundly grateful that it is so. From this universal flux and apparent unsettlement are to come forth in their destined order the deeper problems of our common future. That which makes our union a fact of such vast vitality in human history is of far more account than any care for that union's mere integrity. To the vision of prophetic faith it seems as if on this American continent its last earthly chance had been given to the human race. Military renown will become dim and finally fade away as the moral element advances to work its

will in the national destiny. The issue raised in the contest now openly begun involves the continued existence of the whole people in a state of independent freedom, — either that or peasant poverty in a condition of tenancy and a hopeless existence ever after.

Is our common metallic currency to be made adequate to the service of the universal need, or is it to become the staple of traffic for the enrichment of a privileged few at the cost of the common industry? From this time till the last ballot is cast and counted the living argument on this vital issue is to be impressed on the general mind with incessant energy. In principle, and therefore in formulation, it is no such complicated matter to understand as the money-dealing class would purposely make it for the confusion of the popular judgment.

Before 1873 the two precious metals furnished the basis of the national currency. They were constitutional money, as they both are still. Each supported and corrected the other. When one fell short from any cause, the other came to its assistance. That was all the real meaning the much-used term "parity" had then. The people had the chance they always should have to pay their debts and make their exchanges in the money more easily obtained, that was always the cheapest money. By the process of sneak-legislation that privilege was stolen from them, leaving them no choice and therefore no facility. As the inevitable consequence, we have had fastened on us, worse than the shirt of Nessus, the plague of a consuming dry rot, that steadily destroys all forms of industrial energy and warns off all incentives to its prolific exercise.

History's pen has already written that the money power of the world is consolidating its forces at an alarming rate. Its direct aim is the absolute control of the products of human industry, and thus of industry itself, by controlling its instrument of exchange so far as to reduce the great population of producers to a wholly dependent condition, in which simple existence will be gladly accepted as the greatest boon. Within the last twenty years it has found out the way to successfully accomplish this by simply getting money more and more into its own hands. Its unflinching purpose is to achieve the monopoly of that which enables the rest of us to maintain living relations with one another, and which was created to be a servant, never a master in the hands of selfishness. It is as if the life-blood were drawn from human

veins, and then offered back again at such rates as the murderous leech chose to demand and the victim was too weak to refuse.

The thing to be remarked in this newly opened debate over the currency is the intensifying habit of reading and reflection on the one side, and of merely exploding coarse epithets on the other, clearly evidencing the change in political methods that is going on. The ominous silence of an intelligent people is an unanswerable rebuke to the arrogant insolence of their money-made defamers. Political preparation is more after the academical order—the bullying, corrupting, and brutal methods visibly going out of vogue. A much-needed lesson in practical ethics is thus taught relatively by the mass rather than by its self-assumed master. The old order of things is in process of reversal.

Now if the great body of the “plain people” are sufficiently intelligent to live to create a vast nation with the helpful service of any money system at all, the presumption is that they are at least capable of comprehending the inherent principles of that system and the laws of its practical operation. The first object of their united rebuke will therefore be the insolence that contemptuously asserts their incapacity to attain an intelligent understanding of the laws of the currency employed by them in the transaction of their affairs.

The average American citizen as readily sees that it costs him twice as much effort to pay his debt and taxes and fixed charges as the money trader sees that when money is made doubly dear by the withdrawal of one half of it from use it brings him without any effort a doubled profit. The intelligence to discern is just as keen in the one direction as in the other.

The ordinary citizen can understand that if silver were not forbidden by law its customary entrance at the door of the mint, it would be worth all the time as much as three hundred and seventy-one and one quarter grains of silver are worth per dollar and that money would be cheaper instead of dearer—that is, that prices fixed in money would be marked higher instead of steadily falling. The gold advocates intentionally and ignorantly call it “inflation,” and the advocates of the two money metals they call “insane.” All the insanity of it consists in a final determination to resort to the only remedy for the fatal depression in industry and trade. The “craze” of it is but an earnestly eager desire for the restoration of the

country's continued development and its progress in abounding prosperity.

The universal hurt to the industrial activities that create the commonwealth by the increase of the value of money and the diminution of the value of all forms of property, can undeniably be seen and understood by every citizen possessed of common intelligence, and it is no such feat for him to reason to the conclusion that the simple act of the restoration of money to its normal value can in no sense be the fraud or crime which the gold monometallist alleges.

He can understand without any special knowledge of the routine processes and calculating technicalities of the banking and exchange business that this restoration is but taking the excess of valuing power out of money and putting it back into the products from which it has been taken, into wheat and cotton and land again, — the only substantial and recognized forms of property, which money is not and was not intended to be.

He can comprehend that no sufficient natural causes exist for this steady increase in the value of money, that is, for this continual fall in prices, and therefore that they are artificial causes, arbitrarily set and kept in operation; that they are expressed in legislation's fiat outside of the safe limits of long experience; that money is by no means the same thing as property, though it at all times exchanges for it, but is its measuring agent and representative only — that it was never intended to be a commodity to be dealt in like a staple product, but the most convenient instrument for the mutual exchange of all products alike.

The blinded adherents to the new and dangerous dogma of gold monometallism talk of educating the people out of their perverse ignorance on the currency question. Let them be cautious how they proceed with their complacent experiment. They will only make their case the worse for themselves as they make it better understood. They will unsuspectingly expose the crafty arts by which they maintain their fatal advantage, and make the details of their occupation appear in a stronger light of error and guilt than before.

It is not necessary to stigmatize the calling that operates with trained skill the vast enginery of exchanges so successfully as in any recognized sense a conspiracy against the persistent industry of an entire people. There unquestionably are as good men and honest men in the banking business as

in any other. But it is no less a fact to be allowed room for consideration that they all together form the working force in this great machine and its wonderful ramifications; that by long habit and close familiarity they come to be a part of it and belong to it; that it is their undeniable superior and master, limiting the range of their thought to its own designing mechanical operation, and forbidding any the least excursion into fields which it reserves to itself for harvests yet un-gathered.

Therefore all this affectation of superior knowledge and deeper penetration on the part of the class who are attached to and work the machinery of the country's finances, centrally and locally, is pitifully out of place and a standing provocation to the keenest shafts of satire and ridicule. That the men who handle money for the general convenience and supply it in response to the common need should for that as a principal reason better understand the principles that underlie and the laws that govern the relation existing between supply and demand than the great body of the people they serve can be expected to understand it, is so preposterous an absurdity as to make the laws that divide classes an object of ridicule far more than of respect.

The matter of vital concern is that the financial machinery of the country and of the world is susceptible of a destroying diversion from its appropriate function into channels of operation through which selfishness is mainly fed and greed waxes fat, while those for whose service it was created grow hungry and lean, and the common sustenance is sucked out and absorbed into private treasure vaults. The sleepless eyes of insatiate greed, ever watchful of its chances to have and to accumulate, indicate the hiding-place of the real enemy of the social state and its continuous stages of development and progress. It has chosen for its final lurking-place the organized devices by which men effect the exchange of their products, convinced that in the control of these it has its effective grasp on all. This is the spirit we are to contend with in the discussion that is now on; here is the latent power which seeks the ultimate possession of all power by silently getting into its hands that potent agency by which we exist as a community, a society, a people. That it ought to be opposed with all the energy possible to concentrate against its expanding supremacy, should hardly require the statement of a united determination.

Never until now has a national party declared for the establishment of a gold standard of money to the exclusion of silver. The party platforms have invariably asserted the broad constitutional ground of bimetallism. Nor has Congress ever presumed to pronounce by a majority of its members for what the party platforms unwaveringly enunciated. How then can the advocates of the free coinage of the two metals be charged with the abandonment of the accepted principles of their party? It is those who go over to the single gold standard who abandon their party, and this is sufficiently proved by the history of the matter.

In the adoption of the exclusive gold standard, the party founded by Jefferson notoriously becomes Hamiltonian. It is no longer Democratic or Republican, but Federal and British. For it is the British financial system it adopts, and it thus proclaims its preference for a return to the colonial condition in name as well as in fact. The free-trade doctrine of Great Britain is stubbornly refused by us, and are we now going to subscribe to the currency system she far more selfishly seeks to impose on us?

By the terms of none of our issued obligations are we bound to make payment in gold only. The bulk of the bonds declare on their face that they are payable in "coin" of the United States of the standard weight and fineness. That was done prior to the demonetization of silver. By the payment of them in gold their investment value is doubled, and the public debt increases a great deal faster than it can be legitimately discharged.

What insensate folly to talk of not maintaining the standard of the national honor and sustaining the national credit, because we refuse to pay any longer the increased amount that a covetous class of foreign bondholders exact of us. We do our whole duty to them and to ourselves when we pay our accumulated debt exactly as it is nominated in the bond.

Into this insatiate vortex of greed is going with a speeding rapidity the wealth, and therefore the basis and expression of the power of the country. As we draw near to the close of the century we rise as an entire people and declare our united purpose that this spoliation of a nation of such wonderful resources as ours shall go no further. We make a stand in the growing necessity for our life as an independent people through our enterprise and industry. The edge of the fatal precipice is reached. Our would-be masters do not rashly

seek to push us over, but they would keep us always on its edge and all the time in a state of fear and dependence.

It is to cost us an almost superhuman effort to free ourselves from our threatening tyrant and usurper, and it is that to which we now courageously devote ourselves as independent patriots, believing faithfully in the true welfare of the people. We hail the morning of a new day for America.

ASSOCIATED EFFORT AND ITS INFLUENCE ON HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY DR. M. L. HOLBROOK.

In my garden, last summer, I planted a large number of morning-glory seeds, hoping that a reasonable part of them might grow and produce beautiful blossoms in the autumn, a hope which I am happy to say was in a fair way realized. After they had grown to the size when the long twining part of the plant which climbs strings or rods or poles is produced, I found it necessary to provide these things for them in greater numbers than I had expected. To save the necessity for a few rods, I placed a single one in the centre of a wilderness of plants, and as the vines which were several feet away grew in length, I bent or turned them toward the poles, thinking that those at some distance would work their way there in due time. I found on experiment that when two plants joined their forces together by twining around each other they were in most cases successful, but that a single plant going alone would, after wandering about in a most irregular way, generally fail. To help them all I could I often gave several a start by bringing them together in such a way that they would act together. Thus was promoted association in numerous instances, apparently to great advantage. In studying the plants that unconsciously worked together I found that they supported each other, and each held its partner from going off in a tangent or in a direction that led nowhere. It seemed to me an example of unconscious association for the attainment of an end far more easily and surely than either could have attained it alone. I think if I were to try I could give numerous instances from the vegetable world where association, working together, often produces results far more favorable than are accomplished by individual effort.

I have often noticed that many of our forest trees are hardy or not according to whether they grow in groups so as to be able to protect one another from the cold blasts of winter or not. There are many evergreen trees that will die if standing.

alone, but thrive if planted in clumps. They co-operate or associate unconsciously for mutual aid, and illustrate what I shall show further on.

If we take a broader view of the subject we shall find that all through nature, association, mutual aid, whether conscious or unconscious, has been one of the chief means by which evolution has been able to accomplish its work in developing from the lower the higher and more complicated plants and animals. If we consider the monocellular organisms, from which we may conclude all higher organisms have arisen, we find it is by association that their evolution has been accomplished. These low forms must have found some advantage in keeping together, instead of dividing and each one taking care of its own little cell or group of cells. By association they were able to divide their work, one group attending to locomotion, one to digestion, one to sensation; and so little by little, from co-operation along such lines as were useful, arose more and more complicated plants and animals of greater complexity, and finally man himself. I think we may assume that if the original monocellular organisms had not in some way unconsciously to themselves found out that it was better to live and work in union and harmony than independently, man would never have had an existence, and to-day the world would be swarming with unicellular organisms as the only forms of life. We might trace the influence of association in the organic world all along the line of evolution up to the human race with interest and profit. I will give a few illustrations.

The common ant is one. Its associative life is very highly developed, and by means of it this insect is able to live much more comfortably and perfectly. Among some varieties the division of labor is very remarkable. Like the bee, ants are males, females, and neuters, or undeveloped females, the former having little to do besides reproduction, the latter, or neuter, doing the work, building the often very elaborate nests, gathering food, guarding and protecting the eggs and young, and assisting each other in danger. Some species have a military system resembling man's, and some are even slaveholders. We cannot doubt but that by means of association they have been able to spread so generally almost everywhere and hold their own against often most adverse circumstances. In some parts of Africa and South America the country belongs to the ants. Not only has association

been useful to the insect itself, but to the world, for as a scavenger it has few equals, eating up every particle of dead flesh it can find. If you doubt this, kill a few caterpillars or other insects, or a mouse, or even a bird, if you are wicked enough, and place them near a nest of ants, and see how quickly they consume every atom that can be consumed. Medical students have often taken advantage of this fact, and placed the skeletons which they wished to have cleaned in their way, that they might eat up the flesh which the scalpel could not cut away.

My friend, Mary Treat of Vineland, the naturalist, has given me a most remarkable instance of mutual aid among ants, witnessed by herself in a battle between a nest of slaveholding (*Formica sanguinea*) and a colony of black ones. After watching the battle as it raged all the afternoon, at dusk she picked up ten red, pitted against ten black ants, in deadly embrace, and placed them where she could observe them by lamp-light. It was a full hour before a single red warrior had despatched its black antagonist. After it had torn off the legs, it looked around to see where it could help another comrade, and, choosing a case where assistance seemed most important, it seized the head of its comrade's foe, bit it off, then went to another and another, till it had aided its companions in killing all their own antagonists. This little insignificant creature knew the value of association in ant warfare, and did not wait for an invitation, but offered its services after its own special foe had been despatched.

This was an instance of association for the destruction of a foe. We often see the same thing in human beings.

The bee is another instance well worthy of study, especially the honey-bee, in which co-operation is highly developed, and, judging from our own standpoint, very successful. Every bee seems to know its place and do its work instinctively. Bees are both social and anti-social, but the social ones, those that work together peacefully, thrive best, and far excel the others in number, which is, I think, evidence of the usefulness of association in mitigating, indeed almost annihilating with them, the struggle for existence.

Passing on to the vertebrates we find still abundant proof that evolution does not take place in an orderly way unless the same instinct of mutual helpfulness prevails. Among birds this is conspicuous and easily observed by any one

who has any love for observation. Two birds, a male and a female, join their lives for reproduction and the care and rearing of offspring. Both together assist in choosing a place for the nest, in constructing it, and sometimes in sitting on the eggs, as is the case, according to Wilson, with the crow. I have seen a male robin which had found a place he evidently thought suitable for a nest bring his mate to inspect it and pass final judgment, but she decided it was not suitable. It was exceedingly interesting to watch them examine every part of the place, now and then giving a chirp which evidently communicated some thought, and finally see them depart without apparently the slightest feeling of antipathy or disgust on the part of the male that his judgment had not been concurred in.

After the breeding season is over many species associate in small or large flocks, according to the abundance or scarcity of food, for society and for mutual protection. It is the same in migrating. They come together before starting on their periodical journeys, often several days before, waiting for the tardy ones a reasonable time, and apparently have a mutual understanding of what is to be done and the direction they are to go in. This is particularly true of the barn swallow, the blackbird, the robin, the wild goose, and formerly of the wild pigeon. In the West, where the bird was abundant, I have seen what seemed to my boyish eyes to be enormous hordes of them covering miles of space. Of course some careless ones lose their lives at the hunter's hand and from birds of prey; but so great had been the value of association, or the ability to live together peacefully, over the less social habits of hawks and other predaceous birds, that the pigeons far outnumbered their enemies until man cut away the forests and took from the wild pigeon its chief source of food, without which nothing survives. Those who have watched the cedar-bird must have noticed how closely they keep together in their wanderings for food, and when a flock flies, its movements often appear as if the whole were one bird instead of a hundred, so uniform is their flight. If one rises, all rise simultaneously; if one falls or turns to the right or left, all do the same at exactly the same instant.

I have seen a flock of perhaps five hundred blackbirds, when they arrived from the South in the spring, hold a most joyous conference in a small grove of trees, the meeting lasting for three or four hours, after which they separated

preparatory to nest-building and reproduction. During this season they live comparatively isolated lives. No doubt there is some advantage in this, as they can then better conceal their nests, the eggs of which are much sought by some other birds, especially the crow. Too close association at this period would more easily reveal their presence, for fifty or one hundred birds in close proximity would be more easily found than one or two. During the breeding season it is not uncommon to see three or four males join their forces to annoy a robber-bird seeking their nests for their eggs, and to drive it away. Many small birds associate for the purpose of annoying an intruder, though far larger, and successfully, too. Even a few martins co-operating will drive away a large hawk or so annoy him that he can do them no harm. In autumn again the blackbird and many others congregate in large flocks, and go from field to field to find food; or if food is scarce, then they go in smaller companies and spread over a wider range, thus avoiding too much competition. Birds associate for the following important purposes: reproduction, migration, the pleasure taken in social intercourse, or happiness, which is the same as in man except in degree, self-defence, and *to mitigate or lessen the evils of competition*. By this latter the struggle for existence is greatly diminished, almost nullified.

As we come to mammals, the same rule prevails in various degrees with various species. The common cattle are good illustrations. The cows in the farmer's dairy always go in herds. They will not go separate. Put a new and strange cow into a herd, and the members will fight her off for a while; but she will endure a great amount of insult rather than go away by herself. In a few days all is peace. They cannot afford to keep up anti-social habits long. With these animals the chief object in association must be sociability and its pleasures. In the domestic state they have no enemies except their owners; and as their wants are provided for there is practically no struggle for existence until they reach the shambles, and here it is short but very intense.

The sheep is a still more forcible example. According to my own experience—and it is not small—an anti-social sheep is an anomaly. Even if food is scarce they still go in flocks rather than singly, though a large flock will sometimes divide into two or more, if its range is extended and food is scarce, as in case of drought.

With the horse it is the same. This animal, left to itself, as sometimes happens in new States, soon reverts to the wild horse, but they associate together in small or even quite large bands. One of my correspondents in Colorado years ago gave me a vivid picture of a herd of wild horses under the guidance of a leader guarding themselves from attempts to capture them for weeks. When an enemy appears several bands will unite to drive it away. United they resist all foes. If a drought takes place they join together and migrate. If a great snow-storm comes on they keep together and repair to the most protected place available. In bands their struggle for life is diminished, and there is greater ease in overcoming foes. A careless animal straying from the herd is easily overcome by wolves and other carnivora. Great herds of horses still exist surrounded by enemies in Tibet, says Krapotkin, but they can only exist by banding together, not by dissociated lives.

When it comes to wild animals the degree of association varies and is adjusted to the needs of the species. I might as well begin with one of the most disreputable of all animals, the wolf. Many weird stories are told of this vulgar fellow which do not concern us here. The one lesson we draw from his life is that he almost always, so far as I can learn, hunts for food in packs of three or four or more, rarely singly. He probably has not intellect or courage enough to go out in the darkness of the night alone and give chase to any animal he desires to capture.

The lion we might think of at first as generally anti-social. He does usually seek his food alone, mainly in the night, and, like a cat, in the most secret and dishonorable manner. He has not the slightest moral principle, except that shown in the care of the young; but he is not altogether anti-social, for troops of lions join together for social intercourse. Gordon Cumming says:

Not unfrequently a troop of lions may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly picking up the parts like singing a catch. But on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection as when two or three troops of strange lions go at the same time to a fountain to drink. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties, and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity of the power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear.

This would seem to be a case of association for pleasure,

rather than defence or material aid; but it must be remembered that lions do not need much help, being strong enough to get their food alone. In this respect they differ from the wolf

The case of the hippopotamus is another. Frank Vincent, the great traveller, tells me they are almost always found in herds. He has counted as many as forty in one company in the Nile. They seem to get their greatest happiness in lying near each other in the water, with their heads resting on the bank, so as to be able to inhale air and receive the rays of the sun freely.

Elephants also associate for several purposes. One is to be able, in case of danger, to aid each other. Their great size renders them easily seen, and they have many foes. They go together in considerable bands, one hundred or more, with a leader whom they implicitly follow when menaced. If one of them has a bad disposition, a sour temper, and is disobedient, he is driven out of the troop and lives ever after alone. This teaches us that animals understand as well as man does that association for mutual benefit cannot go on without adjustment and the giving up of any right which interferes with the welfare of the whole.

The buffalo is still another case. One buffalo is no match for a lion or a tiger, but if three or four join in defending themselves from these ferocious beasts, they do it always, it is said, with success. Our American buffaloes in their day associated in vast herds, and were so organized as to be able to take care of their interests and defend themselves well from all ordinary foes, aside from man, as their vast numbers proved; but if for any reason they became disbanded and disorganized, so that each must act independently of the others, they were easily routed.

The same is true of the ape. A few probably degenerate species live solitary lives, but a majority are unhappy if alone. In some species the members join their strength in order to accomplish some object which neither could do alone, as for instance the building of a bridge over some otherwise impassable stream.

Man naturally comes next in order for our consideration; and what can we say of him? Is he, and has he been, an exception to the rule? Those who read history and believe all that they read should believe that man has spent most of his energies in the past in war, in contest, in struggle against

foes mainly of his own kind, and that he is very anti-social. Unfortunately historians, in writing the lives of any people, have kept well to the front their achievements in war. So true is this that the social phases of human life have been until recently too much overlooked. And yet man is and always has been the most thoroughly social animal of all. If he had not associated with his fellows in a more or less orderly way from the beginning, he would never have multiplied and spread over the globe to so great an extent as he has. Man is born not full-grown like a microbe, enabled from the first to shift for himself, but the most helpless of all creatures, requiring long years of care and toil on the part of his parents to rear him at all, and especially to rear him in such a way as to make his life a success. This could take place only by the association of men and women in families, and also of large numbers of men and women in communities. Indeed Darwin goes so far as to say that the genesis of man from the ape required a social ape, not an anti-social one. He says:

We should bear in mind that an animal possessing great size, strength, and ferocity, and which, like the gorilla, could defend itself from all enemies, would not perhaps have become sufficiently social, and this would effectually have checked the acquirement of the higher mental qualities, such as the sympathy and love of his fellows. Hence it might have been of immense advantage to men to have sprung from some comparatively weak (but social) creature.

Going back to our subject, modern research has shown us that the neolithic man, who lived before history began, but who lives to-day in many places, was social and lived in large communities. While anthropologists are not all agreed on every point, some things are pretty well settled.

We cannot, however, tarry among animals or primitive man, but must come down to men of our own time. Do any of us realize how much of our life is associated life, and how much we depend upon it for promoting human happiness and progress, which after all is only human evolution? Let us see. We will begin with the family, which is an association of two persons for mutual helpfulness.

The old myth that Eve was created because it was not good for man to be alone, though not a literal fact, tells a wholesome truth. There is probably no associative institution which has done more to promote progress than marriage. Its first and chief object is reproduction. Now reproduction in the higher species is exhaustive. The parents, especially

the mother, give up during a certain number of years, the period of the highest physical vigor, individual life for the life of the race. It is in one sense a sacrifice which parents make for the future, such as their parents made for them. Experience and observation show conclusively that reproduction is best promoted by the association of the sexes into families, in which the male provides for the female, protects her, furnishes her with a home and its comforts, while she gives her life largely to the children. If women, during the years of child-bearing, were to live independent lives, providing for all their own wants, few children would survive, and those few would receive inadequate feeding, training, and care during the years of their helplessness. This is best illustrated by those cases where women become mothers by unchaste relations, and does not need to be further illustrated here. So much greater is the strain on her energies in this case that such relations are most ruthlessly and properly condemned in the most advanced societies. Unchastity, which in reality is anti-social in its essence, thus becomes one of the greatest of evils, and this simply because the results are disastrous not only to the race, but to the individual. Unchastity, if it prevailed widely, would result in the decay of society. Chastity, on the other hand, is productive of a more highly developed social state.

But the production and rearing of children are not the only benefits of this form of association. While it necessitates the yielding of many rights on the part of both parties in marriage, it develops many of the finest traits of character and all those tender emotions and mutual aids which go so far to make life happy, and this is greater when marriage is most perfect. It is no wonder, then, that it has been considered a sacred, even a divine institution, far more so than any other institution we have.

Proceeding further we find that a large part of life is one of association. Men and women band themselves together for every conceivable purpose, and for promoting all sorts of schemes, good and bad, which could not be achieved in any other way. We have churches for promoting moral and religious culture, schools for promoting education, benevolent societies to promote charities, and clubs for securing pleasures which could not otherwise be had. In business we combine capital and industry for promoting commerce and trade, for building railways, for carrying on banking, for securing

higher wages by labor unions, and for hundreds of other objects.

Great progress in science was never possible so long as scientific men were isolated from one another. It has been by their coming together in societies where they could exchange knowledge that great advances have been made. The association of the leading scientific men of the world in the Royal Society of England, the Academy of Science, France, and many others which might be named, has been a most potent factor in all scientific progress. So familiar are these matters to you all that I need not dwell upon them longer.

I wish now to speak of one modern form of association which has attracted wide attention. I refer to co-operation. The term *co-operation* and the word *association* have literally about the same significance, but in recent times the former has to a great extent become a technical term having a special meaning. According to Holyoke, one of its chief apostles, it may be defined as a system of commerce and industry consisting of societies of working people who have necessarily little surplus capital, in which the business profits of a store are given to the purchasers, and the profits of a workshop are given to the workers.

Co-operation is not communism on the one side, nor is it State socialism on the other. It is a voluntary system of social economics implying the banding together of a larger or smaller number of persons or societies for mutual profit, either in the purchase and sale of commodities for consumption, in the manufacture of commodities which may be in demand, or for borrowing or lending capital, as in banking.

It may be of interest, in passing, briefly to note that co-operation for these three objects has been highly developed in three European countries. In Germany, for instance, we have co-operative banking for the benefit of the working class. These banks are organized on principles adapted to workingmen, and not to large capitalists, and have become very useful.

In France co-operation has developed more highly than in any other country for the purpose of manufacturing. In Paris there are many societies for production, founded and managed by workingmen, in which all the profits go to the workers. Similar societies are found in all the French provinces. They have demonstrated the fact that laboring men may and do, by union, conduct business enterprises with suc-

cess. In no other country are there so many persons who do their work in their homes as in France. This has proved that individualism among workmen has been promoted by co-operation rather than the reverse.

We must go to England, however, to study most successfully co-operation as related to the purchase for consumption of all commodities, the profits going to the consumers. Co-operative stores have become very extensive all over the United Kingdom, and so great and long continued has been their success that it is no longer an experiment. There are already nearly two thousand societies, with a membership of considerably over one and one quarter million persons, and the annual business for the year 1895, estimating from the rate of increase during several years, must have amounted to \$240,000,000, with a profit for its members amounting to about \$25,000,000. Some of these societies are of course small and do a small business, but some of them have become enormously rich. One society in Rochdale has had a profit of over \$260,000 in one year. Two other old town societies have unitedly a profit of over \$500,000 yearly, all this going to its members in proportion to their purchases at the stores. It may not amount to a great sum when the division has been made, although in very many cases it does; but these profits are after all only the lesser advantages. The parent society in England is a wholesale society, which purchases for the retail societies; it takes, for instance, the entire crop of tea of large plantations in China, and all the butter and cheese of large factories; it employs competent buyers in all parts of the world. It owns numerous steamships and many factories for manufacturing chocolate, cloth, sweets, jellies, soaps, boots, clothing, and other articles most in demand, and it has great sums of ready money — for it always buys and sells for cash, as do all the retail stores, so there can be no loss from bad accounts, and there is less expense for book-keeping. It employs a chemist to detect any adulteration in goods purchased, and will take no other than pure articles of food or genuine, well-made manufactured goods. Purchasers know that they get what they order or buy. The goods are reliable so far as it is possible to have them. According to Holyoke, co-operation promotes in a high degree the peace of industry. Competition has its uses in war, and war means destruction. Destructive competition generates hate, ill will; and all the baser sentiments, and the harboring

of these sentiments consumes time and all those surplus energies which otherwise might be devoted to the promotion of industrial progress in a thousand forms.

One of the fundamental principles of English co-operative societies is fair dealing. Each applicant for membership must accept the principle and be guided by a desire to promote truthfulness, justice, and economy in exchange by the abolition of false dealing, never representing any article other than it is known to be, or concealing from the purchaser any fact which will aid him in judging of the value of what he buys.

To those of us who know to what an enormous extent dishonesty enters into all trade, even in a civilized country, and how impossible it is to prevent being cheated except by spending more ingenuity, toil, and nervous energy to protect ourselves, and even then often without success, than most of us can afford, this simple rule of dealing fairly with all customers will be a revelation.

A store is not only a place to purchase the necessities of life, but it is also an educational institution. Mr. Holyoke calls it a guild rather than a shop or a store. A shop cares only for your custom, and will treat you honestly, perhaps, to retain this custom. A co-operative store or factory cares for your welfare, and would benefit its members by making life pleasanter, and confer less mastery and more individuality and independence. The store is visited daily by the head of the family, and is to some extent a centre of thought as well as of trade; it gives instruction in classes in domestic economy, has its festival days and lectures on various subjects.

Often the members are helped to find work or positions. All this, however, is only possible when the stores and factories have become large and flourishing. A store or factory can only flourish when it has a competent head, without which there is sure to be trouble. In this respect they are only like other great corporations. As a rule, capable, honest men are educated by experience. The demand creates the supply. If this is not the case the enterprise fails. One of the difficulties of co-operation has been to find agents who know how to buy. It takes far more forethought for a good buyer than for a seller, there are so many temptations to buy what will not sell; but as co-operation has developed, co-operators are able to manufacture much which they need, and they have found by experience that it pays to buy only of

reliable dealers. This to a certain extent makes it pay to deal fairly. The law of evolution works even here. The fittest survive and become more fit. What one store gains by experience the others soon get the advantage of. Little by little the useful experience of one becomes the common property of all.

I have said that co-operative stores have been more successful in England than elsewhere, and that co-operative manufacturing has been less so; but while there have been many failures, there have also been some remarkable successes. I have thought it worth while to give an account of a successful one. It is that of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society at Shieldhall, near Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde. The account has been furnished me by a gentleman on the spot, and is, I believe, reliable. This society is a federation of all the retail societies of Scotland, two hundred and seventy-eight in number, with a total membership now of over one hundred and fifty thousand persons, far less than the English Co-operative Society, but a more ideal example. The society began on a moderate scale many years ago, but in 1887 it started out on a new and grand career which has continued ever since, owing to the indomitable energy of one man, its chief promoter, a man who for himself would have made a great career, but who has gladly devoted his life and force of character to co-operative industry.

The buildings stand in a very healthy locality. The health of its working force is considered of the first importance. They seem to have learned that sickness is loss — loss of time, loss of productive energy, loss of happiness — and that it is very expensive. As Mr. Beecher once said, it is the one burden that bends, almost breaks, the back of society. They are realizing the Latin saying, "a sound mind in a sound body," just as far as possible. They take as good care of their living machines as of dead machinery. The idea that men and women may be used up as rapidly as possible by working in badly ventilated rooms and by brutal treatment, because there are others willing and glad to take their places, does not enter into their plan of operations as into so many private enterprises.

The land consists of twelve acres and cost \$2,500 per acre, and nearly all of it is now covered with large blocks of fine buildings in which nineteen different branches of industry are carried on successfully, many of them on a large scale.

Each building is constructed after modern methods to meet all the requirements of convenience and health. The work-rooms are cosy, spacious, well ventilated, warmed by steam, and lighted by electricity. The best sanitary arrangements known are provided, and the excellent health of the workmen and women — for there are over one thousand of each, over two thousand altogether — tells the story as to sanitation. Two large dining-rooms, one for men and one for women, which will accommodate about eight hundred persons each, are provided; also two large reading-rooms with papers, periodicals, and means of amusement.

Food of the best quality cooked in the best manner is supplied to all at cost. Some idea of the expense is afforded by the following items.

A dish of oatmeal and milk, three cents; a large scone with tea or coffee, three cents; Scotch broth or soup, two cents; stewed meat and potatoes, eight cents; roast beef or mutton and potatoes, ten cents. A most substantial meal need not cost over twelve cents. The workmen and women are satisfied with their positions. Standard wages are paid, and two and one-half hours less time for a week's work is demanded than in private shops. The men work fifty to fifty-three hours weekly, the women forty-four. The best machinery only is used. Most of the women work in the shirt factory, but none of them ever have to sing Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Sweating is unknown. In 1893 over three thousand tons of preserves were made, and not the slightest adulteration was permitted. What is very interesting is that every member of the committee of the board of management has come up from the ranks of the workingmen. Every worker, from youngest to oldest, has a direct interest in the business and receives his or her wages out of the profits, the same amount per pound as the shareholding societies receive out of the profits on their purchases. Some £3,000, or \$15,000, yearly, are divided among the workers. The great success of this splendid establishment is an object-lesson, and will, it is hoped, continue to be such for those seeking to solve some of the difficult problems of labor and capital. They are peaceful methods and entirely at variance with anarchistic ones. They seem far superior to socialistic ones also, for they are entirely voluntary and allow of the largest individualism possible. Thus are some of the clear-headed Scots wringing success by co-operation out of the conditions

of their environment. This others also can do if they have equal farsightedness and equal determination.

Let us now, for a short time, consider the question of the relative importance and effect of the two principles, the one of competition, and the other of mutual helpfulness. We have many of us put a high value on competition as a civilizing process. What do we understand by the term? Competition means the struggle of two or more persons to get possession of the same thing. When a flock of sparrows, on a cold wintry day, if food is scarce, as I have often seen, quarrel as to which shall have a crust of bread found on the sidewalk, they give us a lesson in competition. When two boys, brothers perhaps, fight for the possession of some toy, they give us an illustration of competition. When two or a dozen tradesmen underbid one another to possess the trade of a community, and then give an inferior article instead of a superior one, that is competition. When five thousand men gather on the borders of an Indian reservation to rush pell-mell on to the land to get the best sites the Government says "Go," that is competition. Competition, as already stated, is the war of industry. Competition in its extreme form requires smartness, alertness, health, little or no conscience, no sense of justice, and a high degree of selfishness; and it develops these traits of character to excess. Competition takes all it can get. Like a greedy child it overloads itself, if it can, and often staggers under the burden of excessive wealth it has to carry.

Holyoke has given an inscription for a tombstone which shows its evil effects:

Here lies a "practical" man of business.

He had an eye to the "main chance" which was always open. His heroic life was an incessant contest with his butcher, his buttermilk, his baker and tailor.

He died 20, 30, 40 years before his time, of premature exhaustion, in trying to avoid being poisoned and cheated.

Had he been a member of a Co-operative store he might have lived to old age, had leisure for self-improvement, excelled in some useful pursuit, and achieved distinction and easy competence. As it was, like so many others, he perished ingloriously,

The vigilant fool of competition.

Let us now turn to the other principle, that of co-operation or mutual helpfulness. I have already shown that it exists as an important means of progress in many of the lower animals, and even in the plants; and also that it exists to a still larger extent in men.

If competition is the war of industry, mutual help or co-operation is the peace of industry. Competition works secretly and in the dark. Two men seeking to buy the same property go about it to get an advantage one of the other. They keep sly; they do not divulge their true thoughts; each tries to mislead the other. Co-operation, on the contrary, has no secrets. It proclaims its object on the housetop, that all may know.

Competition wants the lion's share of the profits. It would take all if it could, but this would be killing the goose which lays the golden egg. *It gives what it must and no more.*

Co-operation would give to each its proper share. It undertakes to introduce an element of justice into all its transactions. If it sometimes fails, it is because competition has so long dominated in trade that it is not easy at once to change human nature. This requires time. It has succeeded to a larger extent than many thought possible in the beginning, and this has been because its early promoters were men of large natures, practical humanitarians. They impressed this idea of justice on their followers to a most remarkable degree.

Competition leaves often in its track wreck and ruin, shattered fortunes, antagonisms, broken health, broken hearts, and ill will.

Co-operation does, or tries to do, just the opposite. It promotes friendly relations, educates its members, even the poorest, teaches the value of knowledge, of mutual aid, of saving, of industry; so far as is possible it prevents ruin. It takes no comfort in any gain made by the loss of those with whom it deals. It gives equal value for value received.

Co-operators, however, are not antagonists to wealth, for they believe in it. They also believe that wealthy men are very useful and necessary. They would have more of them. They know the value of capital when rightly used, and would secure more of it for the industrious, the frugal, the temperate, even if it does reduce the amount turned into the pockets of those who often overreach and take every advantage of those who are too busy at their labors to look out for their own interests properly. Co-operators believe in looking after their own interests, not in leaving them altogether in the hands of others who want all for themselves.

Co-operative industry, however, is not a benevolent arrangement to promote ease and give dividends to those who do not

earn them. It insists on individual effort, and would promote every manly virtue.

Co-operation is in accord with human nature, especially in its higher aspects. This is illustrated by a few lines from that immortal poem of Homer, the "Iliad." When the fortunes of the Greeks were at a very low ebb, owing to the wonderful achievements of the great Hector, Agamemnon called together his wisest chiefs and held a council of war. At this council Nestor said:

Friends: Is there none among you who so far trusts his own valor that he will to-night venture among the Trojans? He might perchance capture on the border of the camp some foeman wandering, or might bring report of what they meditate, and whether still

They mean to keep their station far from Troy,
And near our ships, or since their late success,
Return to Ilium.

All were silent for a space.

Then Diomed, the great in battle, said:
Nestor, my resolute spirit urges me
To explore the Trojan camp that lies so near:
*Yet, were another warrior by my side,
I should go forth with a far surer hope,
And greater were my daring; for when two
Join in an adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act;
While one alone, however prompt, resolves
More tardily and with a weaker will.*

Those who remember the remainder of the story will know that Menelaus chose Ulysses to go with him, and that on their way into the Trojan camp they met Hector's spy, Dolon, on a similar errand coming into the camp of the Greeks. Dolon, however, had not associated with any companion, and was so frightened that he gave up all the secrets he possessed, and then had his head cut off to make sure he would do no more harm. Had Dolon been accompanied by a brave companion to strengthen his weak will, the results of the war might have been different. At any rate he would not have given in so quickly.

The question now comes to us: If co-operation has such value in promoting human progress, and promises such benefits for the laboring people, why is it not at once adopted in America as well as in England?

The reason is simple. Human nature is slow to change, and time is required. Many are seeking the same benefits by other ways. The public does not seem ready for it. Besides, it requires men of large brain and large heart to build up the cause, men who when a dividend is in sight will

not, like those in competition, seize it for their own. By degrees, however, co-operation is gaining ground with us, and in due time it will produce its legitimate results.

In conclusion I will say that the workingman has a full right to all the profits on his labor, provided he is willing to devise means to secure them. If so, then he must himself employ this labor either directly or indirectly. Co-operation, of which I have spoken, to a certain extent offers these means. It will not bring in the millennium; nothing will. Certain ills must be borne; even they have their use.

George Holyoke says, and I close with his words:

Co-operation has, through the store, benefited its adherents and excited astonishment and respect, and it will excite the enthusiasm of the out-lying masses of working people when it carries to them its greater message, that labor is the workman's capital and is entitled to interest as such, and more so than the rich man's investment, and that the co-operative workshop teaches them how it can be secured should not the equity of the employers lead them to concede it.

PHILOSOPHERS AFLOAT.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

"It's strange how hard it is for us to forgive those whom we injure. The graver the injury the more difficult our task." It was the philosophical voice of The Traveller which had broken the stillness that seemed to settle over the upper deck of the coastwise steamer as the moon rose.

"Seems to me I've heard some such remark before. Let me see. Dates back about fifteen hundred years, doesn't it?" drawled Edward Bentley as he turned the lighted end of his cigar toward him and gazed steadily at it. "But perhaps you were not intending me to accept your philosophy or your remark as strictly original, old fellow," he added with a twinkle in his eye and a suspicious quiver in the corner of his mustache, as he waited for a reply which did not come. "S'pose you haven't taken offence at my frank response. Don't feel injured, do you? Because if you do, I'll forgive you at once."

The Traveller made no reply to the flippant baiting of his companion, but answered quite seriously when he finally came around to reply at all:

"I haven't a doubt that it has been said a hundred times before. Its original date may be fifteen hundred or fifteen thousand years back of us, for all I know. Indeed, I fancy it may have been said by the first philosophical observer of human peculiarities, but it continues to fit people to-day just as it did then. I wasn't using it as evidence of originality, my boy. I was led to the comment by observing the way almost all these Floridians treat their fellow-citizens who chance to be or are suspected of being what they call 'Minawkins.' Look at that handsome fellow over there near the dial. Everybody shuns or snubs him. He is well behaved, fairly educated, well dressed, and, I venture, quite as good as those about him, but they whisper, 'He is a Minawkin,' and there is but one grade of treatment lower and shabbier than that bestowed upon him thenceforth — the grade reserved for the negro."

He paused again, and both men gazed steadily at the unconscious Minorcan as he studied the dial of the ship's binnacle.

"By Jove, I've noticed that myself," said young Bentley in a lower tone, twirling the remnant of his cigar so that it spun deftly over the ship's side and skipped for a moment on the white foam below. "And I've tried to learn why it is, but I can't. What's the matter with the Minorcans anyway? Who and what are they and why are they so despised?"

"Any Floridian will answer your first question in a jiffy, Ned," said the traveller without taking his gaze from the unconscious man at the dial. "The reply would be brief and ever the same. The matter is they are 'Minawkins.' And then to your other three questions there will remain a deep, dark, impenetrable blank for reply. They are despised because they are Minorcans; but what a Minorcan is or why he is contemptible you will find it impossible to learn from a native. I've dug some of it out at last, and it is the old, old story, and was the basis of my philosophizing a while ago. They are the victims of a most atrocious piece of villany, and therefore the natives cannot and will not forgive them. A victim is always despised if he accepts his lot. If the Minorcans had murdered a few hundred people and wrung their rights from their oppressors, they would be respected citizens. Old or new, my friend, it is very, very true that we do not forgive those whom we injure."

"Don't rub it in any more," laughed Bentley. "I am penitent. But tell me about them. No, here he comes. Let's get him to tell. Good evening, sir. Will you take a cigar and a seat here? We were just talking about Florida. Have you lived here long? Oh, a native! Indeed! Then perhaps you can tell us what we were wondering about and have, so far, failed to learn."

The young man accepted the cigar, lighted it, and remained standing. There was a half-suspicious look on his handsome dark face, but Bentley did not notice it. The Traveller moved uneasily in his chair.

"We were wondering who the Minorcans are and why they — what makes them — ah — hold aloof from the other Floridians." Bentley glanced up. The young man before him had taken the cigar from between his teeth. His face was livid. He checked himself in a hasty reply and, tossing the weed contemptuously into the sea, lifted his hat and

strode indignantly down the deck. Bentley sprang to his feet in consternation. The Traveller laid a hand on his arm.

"Sit down," he said; "I will go."

A few strides brought him to the side of their late companion.

"I beg your pardon," he said, touching his hat. "My friend did not intend to hurt or offend you. He did not know any reason why he should not ask you the question he did. Nor, if you will pardon me, do I. I have learned more of the race to which I perceive you belong than has my friend, and I fail to see why you or any man should be ashamed of it. I have learned only good of the Minorcans and only ill of those who originally caused them to be held in light esteem. Will you not join us again? If the subject annoys you we will drop it, but I assure you that it is one which, were I a Minorcan, I should take deep pride in discussing with fair-minded men."

"Fair-minded men!" sneered the young fellow bitterly. "Where do you find them? Surely not here!" He waved his hand toward the receding shore. "I am a native — and a despised Minorcan. Fair-minded men! To what race do *they* belong?"

The Traveller ignored the bitterness of speech. He saw the young face flush after its recent pallor.

"I neither wonder at your heat nor do I feel able to tell you where to go to find fair-minded men — as a class — but" — he laughed a little and held out his hand — "here are two who would like to talk to you if you will permit them to do so — to talk on frank and equal grounds." He had emphasized the word equal just the merest trifle; but his companion noticed it and said with a slight shrug which held a Spanish ancestry's grace back of it:

"Truly an opportunity so rare is not to be lightly lost;" and they joined Bentley, who was growing restless and disturbed.

If there had been a touch of bitterness in the last remark, or a tinge of resentment, it died out of face and manner when the young Minorcan glanced at the puzzled and apologetic countenance of the man whom he had a few moments before left in indignant haste. He wished that he had not openly tossed overboard the cigar. There was enough of the primitive man within him to feel as if that little roll of weed might somehow act as a pipe of peace if he had it

again, and yet he would not take from his own case another cigar lest that very act might emphasize still farther his recent discourtesy.

"I was hasty just now," he said, bowing to Bentley. "Perhaps past experiences have made me unduly sensitive. It is not a pleasant thing to be in a position to expect gratuitous affronts."

There was a certain haughtiness in his bearing, but withal an alert defensiveness in both look and tone.

Bentley extended his hand. "I could not imagine myself offering an affront to a total stranger," he said as the Minorcan took the proffered hand with grave dignity and looked steadily into his eyes. "But since my friend here tells me — what I have observed to a limited extent myself — I appreciate the fact that there must be some of my race who plead guilty, else a man like you would not —" He was going to say "fear and hate us so," but the young Minorcan broke in with a nervous laugh:

"Else a man like me would not be guilty of brutally repelling a courtesy? I beg your pardon!" He bowed again with the grace of his fathers before subjection had made them servile of conduct and bearing.

There was a nervous, awkward pause when they were seated. Bentley said some trivial nothings about the water, the weather, the ship's speed, and again silence fell.

"You were wondering who the Minorcans are and why the other natives hold aloof from them," at last said the young fellow, leaning over the railing and looking steadily across the water. "I will tell you the answer to the first half of the question, and then you may tell me the rest. The first I know. The last is a mystery so profound that I have never solved it. Perhaps you can."

Bentley murmured some inaudible reply and settled himself back in his chair to listen. His companion lighted a fresh cigar and handed one to the Minorcan. The young fellow took it, smiled, bowed, and said to Bentley, "Expiation." Then he lighted the weed from the one extended to him by Bentley. All three smiled, bowed, and smoked in silence for a moment. At last the Minorcan said:

"It will be rather stupid and it will be a brief and a dark bit of history. But it can be verified if you doubt my bald facts. They have been recorded by an American who was not one of us. I shall quote him when I can, that I may not

be accused or suspected of exaggeration. By the way, did you know that the famous Admiral Farragut was a despised Minorcan?" he said, looking up quickly.

Both of his companions exclaimed involuntarily.

"No, you did not know that, nor do those people who constantly scorn us. Neither do you know—and they ignore the fact—that when the United States Government called for a brave, loyal, intrepid, cool-headed man to run the blockade at New Orleans during the late war, it was a Minorcan who volunteered and who succeeded. There are not many of us. Our proportion of heroes is fair, our criminals are few, and as good and loyal citizens we average well, but—" His lip curled. Bentley noticed that his hand trembled as he held his cigar over the railing and struck it lightly with his little finger to shake the ashes into the water below. Suddenly he faced square about, and looking from one to the other, he said in a bitter, sneering tone, pronouncing with careful distinctness each word: "But, for all that, gentlemen, we are, one and all, under the ban. We are Minorcans."

"But what of that? What *is* a Minorcan?" asked Bentley, affecting not to notice the bitterness of tone.

"The *what* of it is the part you are to explain later on. I have agreed to reply to who we *are* only. A Minorcan pure and simple is a native of the island of Minorca. Our blood is partly Spanish, partly—but of that later on. We of Florida were brought here from our beautiful island home under false pretences. We thought we were coming as free men to make homes in a beautiful and happy country. Most of us were poor, but travellers will tell you that there is neither robbery nor beggary among us in our island home, and that we were simple, honest, industrious, self-respecting islanders. We agreed to work to repay the man who bore the expense of our transportation. So far we are in no worse a position than some of the proudest blood of Massachusetts or Virginia, for their fathers did the same. Well, our simple, patient, loyal ancestors fell into the hands of a knave. He took us under false pretences to his isolated indigo plantations, where he starved, abused, and even murdered us. We could not speak the language; we had no appeal. We worked away, and hoped and despaired by turns. At last when he had murdered, by starvation and overwork, exposure and other crimes, more than half of our number, when he had reduced the band in nine short years from fifteen hundred to

six hundred, we rebelled. Even then we did not murder him — I *hate* my ancestors for that alone!" he said with passion. Then he resumed again, quietly: "No, we committed no crime, but we appealed for help, once, twice, to the Governor. The Governor was of your people, not of ours, and he did not know the half, and yet he took our part. He told us to leave in a body; that we were free; that the laws of this land were not what the fiend we slaved for had made us believe. The Governor said he would protect us. We left. He kept his word, and to-day some of the best lawyers, bankers, farmers, and physicians of this State are of our people, and yet we are shunned, sneered at, despised. That is the story in brief. There are thousands of facts and horrors to embellish it if I cared to give them or you cared to hear. But that is quite enough, is it not? And it is *all*, so far as an outline goes. I have concealed no crime, no wrong, no shame of my own people. Now will you tell me your part? *Why* do you despise us? *Why* do you rank us below everything else except the negro? Any place else than here, I am a man among men, a gentleman if I so deport myself. Here I am — a 'Minawcan.'" His color had grown steadily paler and paler. Suddenly he staggered to his feet.

"You are ill!" exclaimed his companions as they sprang forward to catch his slowly relaxing body as it sank to the deck.

Instantly a group gathered from all quarters of the ship.

"Oh, it's that 'Minawkin' fellow," said one to another as they turned away contemptuously. "Let's go on with our game. Confound him! I had a tip-top hand. Here, it's my deal. I reckon those two fellows must be pretty cheap sort of Yankees or they'd hardly take so kindly to —"

"Don't know he *is* one, I reckon," responded his opponent. "Make it five more to draw cards. There, he's coming round. That younger one actually gave him a drink out of his flask! They say Yankees eat with niggers, though. I call. Three Jacks; take it."

THE VALLEY PATH.

A NOVEL OF TENNESSEE LIFE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

CHAPTER XII.

Dr. Boring had begun to feel at home in his cabin, and to find in the valley that quiet content which life offers to those who follow her humble leadings. In every work so much goes for charity, "for nothing," the world is accustomed to say of that for which no actual return in dollars is to be expected.

The physician, more than any man, if he be the true physician, gives more of himself to the poor than does any other man. Yet, does he stop to cast up the discount,—so much money, so many hours of sleep, so many miles of cold and sleet and suffering, so much hunger, so much time, so much of man's strength and vitality gone for nothing? Not he; he doesn't so much as consider "done for God's poor." He accepts it as a part of the price of success, as a duty done in the name of humanity, as so much of the discount demanded of his profession. But he responds to the calls. He who does not is a speculator in human suffering and unworthy the name of physician.

Dr. Boring had not put out his door-plate with any hope or wish for patients; it was merely a part of the whim that had bought the cabin and transferred him to the quiet valley paths. The little practice that he did was his "discount," his donation, in the name of his profession, to humanity.

As the days grew colder he realized that if he returned to the city this winter he must be off. Sometimes he was tempted not to go at all,—he was comfortable, content; what more had any man? But since his talk with Joe and the promise made himself not to disturb the young man's happiness, he had decided to return to the city at once,—in two days perhaps.

He believed there was real good in young Bowen; for himself, he said with a sigh, the path would soon reach the river,

and he fancied the crossing would be clearer for the sacrifice made. Then, too,—and he tried to laugh at the recollection,—Bowen's first call had been his introduction to the people round about. It had set him in the balance — learning against ignorance, skill against herbs. And he had felt his end of the scale go up until, he told himself, he had "kicked the beam like a trounced frog."

Yet this first call had been a God-send to him; had lifted him out of himself; inspired him with a determination to prove himself to those aristocrats of the wilderness; given him an entrance into their homes, a part and place in their lives. It had drawn him out from the shadows that had dwarfed and the doubts that had upset his life, from the dogmas and creed whose "I believes" he had refused and had, in consequence, found the great doors of Christianity closed upon him. So he had knocked at the doors of these native independents, who measure men, not their phylacteries. They had called to him that the latchstring hung upon the outside with the same cordial good faith with which they responded to each other's knock, or to the knock of the parson himself, — that embodiment of all perfection. And since they had found him neither thief nor liar, they still accepted him as honest, even in his doubts, and granted him the privilege of believing "according to his light."

True they still called him infidel, and believed that he would eventually be lost, burned in a lake of fire and brimstone; but with the same breath declared "'twould be a burnin' shame," and sighed, unconscious that they were guilty of a witticism.

To those he had left in the great world he had forsaken there was a touch of tragedy in his life. They were a trifle disposed to call him the "mad doctor" also. Not because of the old romance to which he had refused to accord the privilege of ruining his life, — he had "outlived that," they said of him, "long enough before he left the world." Neither was it for the touch of heresy they pitied him; it was the voluntary giving up of the pleasures of society, those things for which his wealth and station fitted him, — his "self-immolation" they called it, — but they had ceased to believe that he would "soon grow weary of the wilderness." Nor would he. To him the hut in the valley was nearer the heaven his fancy painted and his heart called for than he had found elsewhere; here he was not a cynic, not a scoffer, not a

disturber of other men's content. No, no; no man could charge him with the despoiling of his happiness. The knowledge brought him infinite content. The happiness that had been denied his own life he had given to another. It is a grand thing to give joy to a troubled heart; a glorious thing to scatter the rose seed along the barren wastes of a life, a blessed thing; the winds passing over the spot some day, and finding the roses abloom, will bring back their perfume, a sweet incense, to the nostrils of the sower.

With the spring came Brother Barry. Al, who had been but poorly all the fall, had at last taken to his bed with a chill. The old grandmother still refused the mad doctor's medicines, and poor Al had been at the mercy of herbs and hot teas.

The day following Alicia's visit Dr. Boring walked down the path to the miller's gate to inquire after the sick boy. It was early, he had not breakfasted, and the frost still lay white and glistening upon the short dry grass, and ridged the crisp brown stalks of the naked sumach and elder bushes.

The miller had lately met with reverses. A visitor had dropped a spark from his pipe, and that night the mill had burned. The doctor missed the noisily monotonous clatter as he drew near the house, and stood a moment leaning upon the low gate, looking over into the shivering grays and browns that had lately been Alicia's truck-patch.

The doors of the house stood wide open, and beneath the window a denuded, frozen rose bush tapped persistently against the pane.

A neighbor woman was spreading some quilts to air upon the ancient althea bushes in the yard, the bright greens and yellows making a gaudy robing for the winter-stripped shrubs. On the doorstep, her face buried in her folded arms, sat Alicia. The sun caught and duplicated the golden glints of her bright hair, as if rejoicing in the warmth of color.

It was a pretty picture, despite the trouble in the background. He leaned over the gate and called:

"Lissy!"

The figure upon the doorstep did not stir.

"Lissy! Oh, Lissy! how is your brother?"

Still there was no response, and he called again:

"Lissy! O-h, *Lissy!* How is your brother?"

A neighbor woman came to the door, saw him, and said

something in a low voice to the girl, seemingly deaf to his call. She lifted her head wearily, saw him, and placed her hand behind her ear; the wind blowing contrary.

"How is your brother? Your brother? How — is — your — *brother*?"

The bright head fell back upon the folded arms. The neighbor woman shouted a reply in a shrill, sharp voice, meant only to be distinct, however.

"What? Your brother is dead? *Hell!*"

He turned abruptly and went back to his cabin, surprise, anger, disgust struggling within him. "These people," he muttered, "they sit still and let one another die like pigs in a pen. Dosed on hot tea and set to cool in a draught that would make a bear sneeze. It's enough to make a man swear. A foot-bath and a few grains of quinine would have set that boy on his feet in three days. And here he is dead. I declare I've a good mind to pull up stakes and quit the country."

As he approached his house he heard Aunt Diley calling to Ephraim to "shut de front gate," and looking up, for the first time discovered that he had a visitor.

The lank-looking mare industriously skinning the bark from a young sugar-tree proclaimed the ecclesiastical presence before old Diley hobbled to the gate to announce the guest.

"De preacher ob de gospil, marster. An' lookin' lack he might be tolerable hungry fur his breakfus'."

He was grieved, troubled; yet he never permitted his own worries to affect his household, so he replied as carelessly as possible, although he felt but little disposed for the company thrust upon him.

"Well," said he, "you must fix him up a good one. And tell Ephraim to take his mare and feed her, also."

The old negress's face wore a knowing look.

"He say he can't stay but just a minute; he say he got to git about the Marster's bus'ness."

He made a lunge at her with a stick he had cut from a sumach bush down the valley.

"Get out with you! as if you didn't know what Brother Barry's minutes mean. You old sinner, — go get the Methodist a good breakfast; fry another chicken, and make an extra pan of biscuit. Fill up your coffee-pot, and put fresh sheets on the bed in the garret. There's a revival to begin at Goshen, the big church down the valley. And the Master's

business will locate Brother Barry in the guest-chamber for a week at the very least. Go along, you old sinner, and help entertain the elect."

She went off laughing and protesting; she understood the situation as well as he.

"Marster," she paused to say, "dey's plenty breakfus' done cooked fur half a dozen hearty eaters, en I ain' guine tech nare 'nother chicken, not fur nobody. Hit's raidy en watin'. You Efrum, come 'long here en tak dat mar' nag from dat sugar-tree 'fo' I bus' it wide op'n."

The preacher was standing before the fireplace in the attitude of warming himself.

He turned to meet the doctor, in the old empty, high-sounding way. His voice had lost nothing of its drawling religious accent since his previous visits; his face wore its usual solemn aspect; he was, if possible, more dismally lachrymose, in every way, than he had ever been. The sins of his people were more crushing than ever. He offered his hand cordially, in a brotherly clasp, but without lifting his eyes.

"My brother," he said in his solemn way, "the Master has sent me to you."

"Much obliged for the compliment," said the doctor dryly. "But as I told you once before, I thought it was only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel you were sent. By the way, one of the flock has just died in the next house. Al Reams, the brother of Alicia, died an hour ago. You might be of service up there, instead of wasting ammunition on an old stray like me."

The face of the Methodist wore a pious frown. Suddenly he lifted his hand and pronounced the doom of the dead boy.

"Died in his sins! died in his sins an' went to hell. A warning! a warning. What a theme for the evening service! —the death of the unregenerate; the soul that sinneth it shall surely die."

The sumach stick slipped from the doctor's hand to the floor; he was all atremble with indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me, you old hound you, that you expect to hold that dead boy up, a terror by which to drag your ignorant hearers out of hell fire? That boy, who never had an ugly thought in all his poor little life, and whose worst sin was an ignorant fear that somewhere, some time, there might be reserved for him a punishment for the sins of which he had never so much as heard? The only brother and the idol

of a broken-hearted sister who sits yonder crushed and heart-broken with her loss, and whose only comfort is that the poor boy is safe and happy with his God? And you would destroy that hope, assume the responsibility of the overthrow of that faith? *You? you?*"

"Let the living be warned by the dead," said the enthusiast. "Let them flee the wrath to come, lest they too be overtaken in their sins. The girl herself is a sinner; time an' again has the truth been presented, the offer refused. And now, for her stubbornness, the Lord has visited her with his rod. Let her be warned; let her be warned. Oh, I shall not preach the unregenerate into heaven: *I* have the courage to say he's in hell an' the lake prepared for the devil an' his angels."

The doctor gave him a glance of intense scorn.

"Rot, nothing but rot. In less than ten years the fool who gets up to cram such doctrines as that down the throats of an audience will find himself hissed out of the pulpit. Do you believe all that damnable stuff you're talking? If that is the kind of God you preach, then he is a fiend, and not a God. Stuff and nonsense! Go up there and help the poor people to live, if you can; ease their burden, not seek to crush them under it. Oh, you carping hypocrites, that strain at the gnat and swallow the menagerie, that bind burdens for men's backs, and stand off and cry 'The Lord He did it!' I tell you He didn't. God doesn't strike in the back. Go up and tell the mourners in that cabin that He cares for them, that He has not smitten them, that He is not narrow and cruel and revengeful, that He established certain laws of health, and that one of these has been violated, and that is all. Tell them that hot teas and cold draughts killed their son and brother, not God; and that a dose of quinine taken in season would have accomplished that which that poor girl's prayers failed to do. Go up like a man, and a missionary indeed, and tell them the truth. Preach the doctrine of cold water and common sense. That is what the world needs, and the missionary who carries that creed into the homes of ignorance and of poverty will without fail come in at the harvest time bringing his sheaves with him."

Across the face of the Methodist flitted an expression half pity, half reproach; the next moment he sighed heavily; he had learned the folly of all argument with this man. He raised his long arm that had aye been ready to do battle

in the cause of his espousing, and said, in his best pulpit style:

"Let the dead bury their dead; the Master has sent me to *you*."

"No, sir, I reckon not," said the doctor with something like a return to good humor. "You misunderstood the call, that was all. It was your stomach you heard indicating a place where the cheer was plenteous and a welcome possible. Well, you are welcome; make yourself at home while I speak to Aunt Dilcy. You know where the guest-chamber is."

He nodded toward the garret, and went to Aunt Dilcy, busy "taking up the breakfast."

She had just taken the pot of steaming coffee from the stove, and at the moment he entered the kitchen was carefully dusting away with her apron any possible soot that might adhere to the bottom of the vessel. When he spoke she started, being unaware of his presence, and set the pot back upon the stove with a vehemence that almost sent it spinning across the floor.

"Lor', Marster," she exclaimed, "you mos' skferred de life out'n me: it's de befo' God's truf, you sholy s'prised me *some*."

"Well, I am going to surprise you still more," said the doctor. "The young man over at the miller's is dead."

"Great God A'mighty —"

"And you are to get your breakfast on the table and go over there. You are to carry this bill to Lissy. The miller has had losses lately, and something may be needed beyond their present funds. Give the money to Lissy herself, and tell her to use it as she may find need for it, and that she can repay it in eggs and butter some time. Be sure you tell her that, else she will not touch it. And before you go send Ephraim to take Brother Barry's mare."

Despite his rather stormy welcome, Brother Barry continued to occupy the guest-chamber for some weeks. With all his ignorance the Methodist was not totally ignorant of men; he knew that he was welcome, that his entertainment was given freely, without grudging; he knew also that in none of the humble valley homes within his charge would he find himself so comfortable, so free to come and go, so unquestionably at home. So he remained, and although the revival at Goshen furnished food for gossip, as well as pleasure for the entire neighborhood of believers, and although Brother Barry never

for an instant failed to let his light shine in the eyes of the infidel, and never let slip an opportunity to speak a word of warning, still the doctor continued to "travel the high road to destruction," as the minister declared he was doing.

Many had been gathered into the fold, however, and among them Lissy, poor, pale, heart-broken Lissy Reams. Sorrow had so crushed her that Brother Barry found it no difficult task to persuade her that the Lord had visited her with the rod of his wrath because of her sinfulness. The doctor saw but little of her those days. There come to all of us points where life makes a certain, emphatic turn, after which all life is different, and runs, or seems to, in a new groove. Such a point had come to Alicia, and the shadow of her grief drew her into herself, away from those who would have offered comfort. He would have gone to her, only that he dared not. His impulse would have been to fold her in his arms and soothe her in his bosom, his own forever.

At last the meeting closed, and one morning in December the Methodist mounted his mare and rode out of the valley back to the heights.

But even the hard shell of ignorance had been pierced by the quiet goodness of the infidel. True, he had writhed not a little under his host's keen sarcasm and keener questioning; and there were times when he would have been glad to question him on certain points, but he was afraid lest, showing his weak part to the enemy, he should be attacked in that quarter, overthrown perhaps, and conquered. Moreover he believed in faith, accepting without questioning the gospel and its teaching. He was afraid to tamper with his religion lest he unsettle its foundation. Yet, in a certain way, he had a great respect for the doctor. As he sat astride his mare, at parting, he leaned forward and placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"My brother," said he, "you have sat beneath the word day after day, hearing without heeding the gospel call. You ain't a bad man. Neither are you a Christian. But you are in darkness: I want to help you to the light, to lead you to the rock. Show me where you stand; tell me your creed. You believe in the hereafter? in God?"

The physician sighed. There was a time when the words would have amused him, but of late he had looked too steadily upon the sombre in life's pattern.

"I believe in God," he said, "yes, and in a hereafter, yes,

for I am not a fool, though certainly not orthodox. Your theory of three Gods comprising one — no. Your God of vengeance, cruelty, and blood I refuse to accept. Jesus Christ preached the real religion. The creed which I profess is the same that he taught: truth, cleanliness, charity. My religion is told in few words: to tell the truth, help the poor, and keep myself clean."

The Methodist straightened himself to speak, but paused, reconsidered and was silent a moment, looking away toward the hills where the mists were shrouded about Sewanee. There was a baffled expression in his eyes. He had toiled all these weeks for a certain fish, and at last had been forced to quit with a broken net. He lifted his hand toward the purple haze.

"Rain," said he. "Rain followed by drought, poor crops, sickness, destitution. I know the signs. Well, for me I aim to trust in the Lord for a crop. I'll trust in the Lord."

"And keep the plough handy," laughed the doctor. "Don't forget to mix the plough in with your prayers, Brother Barry."

The shaft went home; there was a frown upon the face of the Methodist as he rode across the valley; he felt the hot blood mount to his cheeks, recalling as he did the waste which last year Joe Bowen had converted into a garden, but which this spring, for lack of a friendly hand, was only an acre of weeds. He had been insulted, he a minister of the gospel. His wrath refused to be bridled. Suddenly he clinched his fist, half turned in the saddle, and exclaimed:

"That man's the dad-burndedest infidel this side o' hell, I reckon." It was the nearest he had ever been to swearing.

But later, when his anger had cooled, and his way lay along the cliffs where the mists were lifted and the view clearer, and the blue heaven beamed upon him fair and open, the words of the infidel came back to him, and underneath their lightness he read a deeper meaning.

"To help the poor, and to keep myself clean."

He gave the lines a sudden jerk, and as the mare came to a halt thrust his hand into his coat pocket, where he always carried a small well-thumbed Bible, for the churches of his circuit were not always supplied with Bibles. Slowly he turned the leaves, until he found that which he sought, then read slowly, aloud, running his finger along the lines, while the mare with considerable forethought cropped the long dry grasses along the roadside.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

After all, the old doctor's creed was not unlike the definition given by the apostle; and that he lived up to it no man could deny.

He closed the book, replaced it in his bosom, gathered up his lines and rode on. There was nothing he could say against a creed so indorsed, and, after all, there might be that in the books of which he knew nothing, which would give new light. But he was resolved to "cling to the safe side." The books might confound him. Too much learning might prove as dangerous as too little.

"I'd rather go it blind," he declared, "go by faith, and keep on the safe side." There entered into his brain no thought of a spiritual law which refused to condone ignorance.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

THIS CROWDED WORLD.

BY D. L. MAULSBY.

Two squalid children shut their creaking door
And turn from home, the last time, hand in hand.

Upon the unpainted table of their hut,
Too clean of food, a scrawling message lay,
Slow-penned with schoolboy care: "Our mother dear,"
It ran, "you long have slaved and starved for us,
Till now your courage and your strength are past.
We will not stay a burden to your back,
But go to find a lodging-place with God."

They set their pallid faces to the street
That wound through fair Vienna. Marble walls
Upheld white columns, architects had wrought
Rich halls of state, afar Hans Makart's dome
Housed bird and mammoth, old Saint Stephen's roof
With sky-like distance awed her worshippers.
But all the tide of life that pushed and swayed
In Austria's capital that blazing morn
Could issue forth no feeble finger laid
Upon these faithful children bound for God.

The Prater soon becomes their sacred way.
Stop them, ye passersby! Their mother's heart
Must groan in torturing anguish at their loss,
Insanity shall seize her bursting brain!

No: unimpeded pass the children on,
The boy now glancing on his sister's face
Till eye to eye rebuilds their pale resolve.
Great Mozart, once a little child, once poor,
Sublime Beethoven, sad and stern, look down
Upon the streets where once ye triumphed,—save
Two hero souls, young smiling life in store!
Alas! the master's ears on earth were stopped,
And yonder Mozart found a pauper's grave.
Both slight the human cry, both say, "'Tis flawed,
The rosy diamond of your earthly life:
We reckon, rather, whispering lures of peace."

And so the children reach the bridge. They climb
The parapet. The dazzling sunlight glints
Upon a thousand windows, low domes fling
The challenge back, the Danube smooth and blue
With hardly stirring current ripples rest.
They twine their arms about each other, kiss,
And spring into the air.

A downward rush,
A splash and glitter of fine rainbow spray,
And all is done. The river, nurse of God,
Enfolds them in her bosom, and will sing
A crooning lullaby, until they wake.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. CALVIN KRYDER REIFSNIDER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ruby and her friends passed a pleasant and profitable summer. They walked out or drove into the country, and often to the land her father had purchased. They marvelled at the rapid development of the city in that direction, and cognized the father's foresight in this as in all his other dealings. It was now very near the city limits.

Ruby had found her way to the hearts of Salome's parents and was now an eagerly expected guest. If Bacchus had looked too deeply into his beer mug she feigned not to see it, and he, on his part, was only just a trifle more precise to make believe he had not taken anything at all. Ruby had also introduced Mr. and Mrs. Goode into the household, and they had made many little additions to the comfort as well as appearance of the place. The carpet that her father had taken off the Temple floor when he purchased it made the floors look quite elegant. Pretty curtains, a table and an easy-chair for each of them were furnished; and now the good matron brushed her hair before a pretty mirror and saw that she was not so bad-looking after all. Bacchus put on a clean shirt every day, for he said, "There's never any telling when the young lady may step in." He was a live-stock commission merchant, and with temperance could have kept his family very comfortably. After some weeks Ruby found him actually thinking seriously of trying to be a sober man, but he told her the habit was one long fixed and that it was no use trying.

"I tell you I can no more help it than I can live without drawing breath. I wake up and I must have a drink before breakfast; if I take more than one then I'm unfit for a day's work."

"Yes, but, my friend, it's only habit. If you woke up every morning and found a serpent crawling on your bed you would not take it into your bosom, but you would do your best to kill it, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I guess I would."

"Well then, that desire for drink is a serpent within you; now why not rise up and kill it?"

"A serpent within me?" said the man with a stare.

"Yes; a really more dangerous one than if it was outside crawling on your floor or bed. You could kill that with a blow, and your children could run from it. This one must be starved out. Do you really feel that you want to be a free man and astonish Salome and really do something just as great as she is going to do — indeed the very greatest thing a man ever did — to conquer himself?"

"Yes, I swear I do."

"Then we will begin. To-morrow morning if the serpent demands rum give him a glass of water."

He made a heroic effort, but in less than a week he came home more beastly drunk than he had ever been, and the next morning was so ill that his wife sent for Ruby.

"There's no use trying," said he in the afternoon when strong coffee had in some degree counteracted the effect of his spree. "If I try to quit and then begin again, why, its worse than ever. I never was so bad as this time. I drank a quart of raw rum yesterday."

"And it's a mercy you're alive to-day. However, if you will just leave it with me and my good friends it will yet be all right. You are in need of care just like any sick person who is diseased. Let us be your physicians."

He finally concluded he would prove his willingness by giving himself up to them.

It would take many chapters to describe their trials with him,—how Ruby sat with them during the day, and every time he must have a drink she had measured it out, first three quarters the usual amount, then one half, then one quarter, and on down to a few drops; how Truman had relieved her after tea and stayed all night to be there to measure the morning libation; how several times Bacchus had on some pretence gotten to the door and then slipped off, and never failed to get beastly drunk; but still patiently they waited and hoped and never slacked their watch; and after many months they had the gratification of seeing him a sober man, and we record his last spree only. As usual they had sent for Ruby and as usual she came. He was asleep at the time, and Ruby was pleased to see the children had been instructed of late by their mother (a thing she had never

thought of before) that father must be kept quiet, and that some day he would always be well and good as he was getting to be at times,—a thing so wonderful to them that their infantile hearts appreciated it sufficiently to quell their own boisterous plays, and walk about on tiptoe, and go out to wait for the beautiful lady who was going to cure papa.

Ruby had not failed to speak some words of cheer to this man at appropriate times, and get him thoroughly disgusted and dissatisfied with his old life in the hope of giving him determination to live a new one, and the very fact that his spree now made him so ill was a hopeful sign to her. She knew there was war, war to the death, between good and evil going on within this man. While the former was dormant he had drunk with impunity, just as the vulture gorges and disgorges and is none the worse; but when the good was once awakened, the evil, not liking to be dislodged, rose up and rebelled. Or, when the conscience was aroused, the mental effect was to create disgust instead of appetite; therefore what had agreed with his stomach when his clouded mind craved it, disagreed when his awakening manhood condemned the craving. The poor man sometimes thought he would die, but Ruby knew better. She knew that something within him must die, but it would not be his truest self. This day when he roused up and found her sitting silently beside him, the room so quiet, his wife not angry, but calm and patient, he closed his eyes and remembered all that Ruby had ever told him, and then, turning over with his head slightly raised on his hand, said:

"Well, I have done it again, you see. I was just thinking of all you've told me when I was sober, and I wondered what my damned soul will look like after this infernal rum-loving body kicks it out in one of these drunks."

"It will be very fair, very beautiful maybe, Mr. Blake; for I do not believe you really enjoy doing these things any more."

"What do you say? Do you mean to say you don't believe I'll go to hell when I die?"

"Of course I do not believe such a thing. There is much good in you, away down deep. It shines forth every time I come and welcomes me. I see it in your eyes. I hear it in your voice. I feel it in your warm hand-clasp."

"Well, that's a new one for a feller to sober up on. Try to get that thought into my wife's head. I don't believe she can believe that there's any good left in me, if I ever had any."

"Indeed she does. See her face. Does it not wear a look that only hope and love could give it? Why, she knows that if you conquer you are a better man than if you had never loved to drink."

"Why, curse my soul, the very last time I sobered up I went to church, and heard so much about hell fire prepared for such as me that I went and got drunk again on purpose to forgive God for putting me here without my asking to come, and to forget what He was going to do with me when I died."

"All of which was very wrong," said Ruby gently. "God doesn't have anything to do with anything you do wrong. If you make a struggle to do right, that is His work within you, and it is your own rebellion against doing good that brings the evil. God never made a hell for you nor any man. You make it for yourself, and then your wife and children have to live in it with you. You can make a little heaven right here for yourself and your children and your wife. God sent us to you to show you the way you had lost."

The man was quiet for a long time, then he said:

"Does Salome ever write and thank you?"

"I think she is very busy and has very little time for anything but study. She evidently wants to surprise us."

"Well, she has succeeded. I wouldn't have believed it if anybody had took oath to it that that girl would have forgot anybody who was good to her. She'll never forget any one who was bad to her, I know. I never expect her to forget or forgive me, but I'll tell you, I feel to want to pay you for your goodness to her by bein' a better man."

He almost choked with these words, and Ruby assured him that he would make her happier than anybody else that she knew could in making himself and his family so.

She was disappointed and grieved at Salome's silence, but had heard through her manager that Salome was working heroically.

From this time Ruby's work was daily repaid. Whenever Bacchus had a half holiday Mr. Goode hired a park wagon, they all drove out and carried their baskets and made a feast in the park away from the smoke and temptations of an idle day at home. The children grew bright and strong, and Mrs. Blake was actually getting young again. Bacchus wore a white shirt and new trousers and a coat as nearly like Mr. Goode's as his purse would allow, and Ruby's white cheeks glowed and took on roses in the general warmth

of such heavenly love. When Mr. Blake told them good night he always said, "It may come back again, but God helping me I'll fight it to the death."

"Bravo! Remember in whose name alone you can conquer."

Mrs. Blake now found new joy in life, and her skill with her scissors, needle, and machine came to her aid, and very soon she had plenty to do at fair prices. Ruby said to Mrs. Goode, when speaking of Mrs. Blake, it was plain to be seen where Salome's great energy and capacity to work came from, although in different directions. Mr. Blake having lost the confidence of old customers, the carloads of stock once shipped to him for sale were consigned to large, responsible firms, and he dropped into a small buyer for the city butchers, who paid a small commission. His wife was willing to work if he would be sober; and thus it was that the burden of their lives was shifted from his shoulders to hers. She took it, fragile creature, without a murmur, indeed with gratitude and hope; but she had never learned economy. Her work brought better clothing for her husband, her children, and herself—or more expensive clothing. Alas for little mother, as Salome called her.

Never had Ruby been so beautiful, for never had she been so useful, going daily among the poor, teaching them to cook, to sew, to darn, to mend, cut and fit, and to save, how to buy clothing and fuel and food. Never before had she been called upon to fulfil a sacred duty that love and gratitude did not repay. Now she realized, sometimes with a suggestion of indignation, that Salome was unworthy. Yet her father's wish must be regarded. He had won hearts from base ingratitude to love and respect; he had taught her how she must do it. Yes, Salome had smitten her left cheek; she must turn to her the right. This meant a deeper lesson than the minister preaches. She had offered Salome the left, meaning truth, a stern truth maybe, of showing her respect to her parents. Salome had smitten truth; now she must turn to her the *right*, which means love, and patiently wait until the seeds of truth had struck root in Salome's heart; for she believed her father had found good ground there, or he would not have determined to aid her.

Not one penny did Ruby expend for herself. All must be reserved to give Salome the advantages her manager declared her talents deserved. So hopefully, faithfully, Ruby worked on. Several times during the winter Salome's father and

mother dined with them, and then, sitting in wide-eyed wonder in the Temple, listened to the organ which Ruby or Mr. Goode played, and then Mr. Goode read aloud to them.

What a heaven had opened to these once benighted creatures! If they only began by adoring the visible creature who brought them this happiness, as they imagined, they were, she knew, preparing their hearts to receive Him whose instrument she was.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dr. Cadmus and his wife called occasionally, but Ruby had never visited any one since her father's death, her whole time being given up to work among the poor. She was greatly surprised to find the doctor waiting for her one morning at breakfast. He held a basket of rare flowers in his hand, and when she entered he broke off a pleasant conversation with Mr. Goode and came forward to meet her, begging her to accept the flowers as a gift from his son, who prayed the favor of seeing her before he departed on a long voyage. He then told her the subject of his last interview with her father, and his proposal of marriage, and his promise for an answer which was, he said, favorable.

Now we have never tried to analyze Ruby's feelings since that morning when she listened to the voice of Solon Cadmus and then fled from his presence in her father's study, although we have seen that her father and his had spoken of their children's marriage. Indeed, though she had thought of him with wonder and admiration, and the marvellous effect of his voice upon her heart, since she ceased to see him, which had been since her father's death, she remembered him as she did a wonderful piece of music or statuary, or a landscape, or the voice of a mighty cataract she had watched, the brilliant waters plunging down the dizzy height and the rainbows swaying in the breeze. When thinking of him she recalled everything of beauty, grandeur, pathos, and sublimity she had ever seen or heard; for all were brought before her when she had listened to his voice, and still clung to every memory of him. And now he, this man, wanted to see and speak with her — only to say good-by.

She stood silently, her white face laid close to the flowers and her eyes closed, then her face illumined as it had done only once before. The doctor and Mrs. Goode saw it. Ruby

with closed eyes standing there was silently communing with the spirit of her father. When she raised her head she said simply and frankly, "He may come."

She wore white with flowers at her bosom when Solon came, appearing just the same as when he saw her first. She was standing near the centre of her father's study when Mr. Goode admitted him, and Mrs. Goode sat at the window looking out. There was a moment of silence when the tall Greek paused before the living statue he had worshipped so long, trying to paint upon his memory the wonderful loveliness of this child-queen of the Temple, a breathing statue, a living *chiaro-oscuro* — the pure white face with its straight delicate nose, its sensitive mouth with lips just parted as though to speak a welcome, the pearly teeth, the rounded chin and the exquisitely moulded neck, the starry eyes with their deep dark fringe, the perfect brow, the broad low forehead and the golden crown of shimmering, flossy hair. One slender white hand rested upon the back of a green velvet chair, and the whole pose had the silent awe-awakening effect of purity, innocent, unsullied truth. In his heart of hearts this ambitious Greek, who had been indifferent to all the world before, now knelt before this child of grace, nor could he break the silence until she smiled and, pointing to his flowers, said, "I thank you."

Solon Cadmus was not the man to keep himself long in suspense, not the man to ask more than one opportunity to carve his way to the desired aim. He had purposely visited her upon this last day, that only one opportunity might be left him to tell his love, and one only for her to hear it; and thus it was that after a conversation that finally led up to it he recalled their first meeting. As she drank in his words she acknowledged that he was to her in appearance a godlike man. She somehow took gratefully the homage he paid her, the love he offered, asking just now no return. He wanted her to think of him as her lover who would win a worthy position in her estimation, a position won, like her father's, by good uses, and he would bring all that he was and had and lay it at her feet. The law was his profession. Oratory should be his field, whether as lecturer or only at the bar he could not say. He would probably not return for two years; in the mean time, if she permitted, he would like to receive some token from her that he was welcome to return and claim her for his wife. He knew

that Mrs. Goode was present, which he thought correct and proper.

Ruby had lived years in this last hour. An hour before her heart was free from care save for Salome; now it trembled at thought of one who loved her going suddenly so far away, and for so long, and she could not even suggest a different course. A faint tinge of color rose to her cheek, and then she paled as he offered his hand. Solon Cadmus knew from that moment she was his. A proud light brightened the features that had almost seemed stern in his effort to be calm, and stooping so that her ear alone could catch the words, he whispered, "My queen," and then he walked away to prepare a field wherein, united, they might accomplish the greatest good.

CHAPTER XX.

Ruby became very silent. The old question of her own origin came up and troubled her. Day after day she performed her duties, but for the first time she felt that it would be a relief when summer came and she was free; for the poor are better off, comparatively comfortable, in warm weather.

"Goodie," said Ruby one day, "I want you to tell me something — something about my mother."

She trembled and was so white that Mr. and Mrs. Goode were both startled, and the latter said:

"Why, child! Whatever should put such a thing into your head now, when I never heard you breathe it before?"

"I have thought of it many times. The question has trembled on my lips hundreds of times in presence of my father, and yet he had a power that cognized my feeling and never allowed the words to pass my lips. But now — now when I ought to know — I ask."

There was a breathless silence. At last Mrs. Goode said:

"My dear child, neither Truman nor I know any more about your mother than you do."

Poor Ruby! It was a cruel blow. They did not know how cruel. But she had been taught self-control from her infancy.

"Did you never see a picture of her, — nor — see her grave?"

"No, child, no, nor ever heard either spoken of."

"Did you ever see my father's marriage certificate?"

"The wife gets that, I believe."

"Then, can it be that she—still lives?" she asked, scarcely audibly.

"We do not know. We spoke truly when we said that we knew no more of her than you do."

Then a long silence came again, during which Mrs. Goode exchanged nervous glances with her husband, and Ruby never raised her eyes from the floor.

"Goodie, tell me all you know of my father, the whole story."

"That I can do. It was just twenty years ago, when Truman and I were looking for service in England, that a gentleman, a lawyer, answered our advertisement and enclosed a letter from your father dated Madrid, Spain, asking him to secure for him the services of a married couple. We had good references and were accepted. The gentleman who employed us owned a town house in London, and we were sent there to put it in order and await his arrival. When he came he brought you, a sixteen-months-old baby, in his arms. We had no children of our own, and he asked me to be a mother to his motherless child. He was very heartbroken, very sad. His hair was white, his form more bowed than it was five years later when his health improved. He had a long spell of sickness soon after this, brought on, the doctors said, by some great nervous shock. When he recovered he devoted his life to you. I have put away a very beautiful picture that he painted in monochrome in those first days of restored health. It told me all I ever knew of his sorrow."

Mr. Goode left the room and returned with an exquisite painting which Ruby had never seen. It represented a man sitting beside a cradle in which lay a sleeping child. The fire had burned low, the candle was dying in the socket, and the bowed head of the man resting on his hand, the elbow supported on his knee, betokened the most abject misery. Written underneath in her father's hand was the word "Deserted."

That the man was her father, that the sleeping babe in the cradle was herself, Ruby knew, and that the word below told the tale that had made the missing link in the chain, she also knew.

She looked with eyes and heart and soul, and as she gazed she fancied she saw the figure of the man swayed in that mighty woe, and that the sleeping child, disturbed thereby, stirred in its slumber. She lived over her life, and felt she

was as near the starting point in this picture as she could ever get. It was hard, so hard, so much harder than it would have been had not that princely man acknowledged his love and asked for some token from her that he might some day return and claim her as his own; for she realized now that by divine law she was his, by the law of celestial conjugal love.

Why had that unknown woman deserted that noble man, her father? Ah, had he not told her that he had not always been as he was since she could remember him, but at one period of his life a very different man? Surely, surely, though, her father was not at fault; surely he had always been noble and honorable; but for *what* — for *whom* — had he been deserted? Poor Ruby's head reeled, and yet no solution came.

They talked together seriously and reassuringly and recalled the promises he had exacted from her that she would not recognize any one's claim upon his money or property, and now they understood his smothered excitement at that time. He left no papers or letters to enlighten them. There was a package of old newspapers that had been locked away which Truman believed he had a right to keep from her, as well as the one her father held in his hand when he died. He resolved to take them to London first and find out all that he could before he spoke of them to her, lest he cause her unnecessary anxiety; and a month later he established Mr. and Mrs. Blake in the Temple as guard for his wife and charge, and set out to seek all possible information of his dead friend.

These good people were keenly alive to everything touching their darling's interest. They looked forward to a time when age might unfit them to be her guardians, and would gladly see her united in marriage to a man worthy of her, and they believed the young Greek to be the very man who might perfect her beautiful life. They did not believe she would marry him with a shadow on her name. Here was the only careless act of their late employer, a duty too painful, perhaps, for him to perform.

CHAPTER XXI.

We find Salomé again, sitting alone in her room in London, moody and silent. On a table before her upon which her

elbows rest lies an open book. She supports her forehead with her hands as if weary, and her dark eyes gaze not upon the open page, but at the vacant wall or space before her. She never attempts a recitation until she has thoroughly memorized every word and appropriated the character. A study of this girl tells the reader of human character that she is by nature gifted for her chosen career, that the body before us contains a myriad of pent-up souls all contending for supremacy, and she, as keeper of the gate, looses each pent-up spirit as her fancy wills. She soliloquizes, and from her own lips we will learn her method. She now pushes her chair back impetuously and rises to her full height.

"Yes, I'll conquer! for in this horrid dream of life I've reason to remember many things of wrong, of slights, of insults, of mortification, aye, of hunger, too, and sobs, and sighs, and tears, and withal there stole into this heart ambition that promised to avenge me on all the world and appease each demand of wrong or insult. Must I play out the emotions of my own bursting heart through all my life? Do I want the audience to see *shame*? What have I to do but remember a time in my life when I met my drunken father in the presence of some more favored child, or the harsh tones of my impulsive mother. Who that sees me and says 'How realistic!' dreams from whence springs the emotion that moves me to thus awaken their admiration? Must I shrink with terror or agony? Do I not repeat the real cry that long ago and often burst from my lips, as real now as in torture it came forth involuntarily then? Must I weep? That fountain was not drained dry in those bitter days. I touch the spring of memory, walk into the cold, bleak room from whence every ray of hope and happiness had fled, and I fall down there in agony and weep the same salt tears. Must I depict hope? I recall the night when that spirit voice whispered '*Write!*' and again these dull eyes sparkle, these dark cheeks burn, and this heavy, tired heart takes on a new throb. Must I be joyful? I recall his words when he told me I could accomplish all I hoped for. Do I want to depict a glorious revenge, deep, gratifying, soul-satisfying? I fancy myself mistress of a fortune such as women in my profession alone have acquired, and it will be when I give back to *her* every farthing, and cancel all obligation to her; not till then can I forget the horrible moment we stood upon that door-step, nor shut out the cry that raised that devil in my heart, nor wipe out the mem-

ory of seeing her sitting there so peacefully, so patiently, because, forsooth, it was not *her* brutal father nor *her* angry mother, and altogether was nothing to her, and therefore she could appear sweet, patient, meek, forbearing, and all the lovable things in the dictionary, and condemn me for my just anger only because she never had cause to feel as I did. What need have others to be ashamed of those whose blood is not the same? Aye, Ruby Gladstone, had your father been a drunkard would you have leaned upon his arm and gazed with such love into his face? Could you have called me into your home to witness your degradation and your shame? A flip for your virtues, Ruby Gladstone," she said, snapping her fingers contemptuously; "I despise them *all*, for no one knows their worth; they were never tried, therefore never proven, and neither you nor any one can say you have one. You sit in your gilded boudoir and study the effect of your beauty in a mirror, or play the organ and sing psalms to yourself. Oh! I love to hate such whited sepulchres as you."

She had been vehement, and the struggle that passed within her, the battle that raged in her bosom, was really too much for her; she threw herself into the chair beside the table and buried her throbbing forehead in her hands. Presently she raised her head like one in fright and said:

"There it is again, that whisper, '*Write*;' and it brings an irresistible impulse to do the same foolish thing that I did once before and nothing came of it."

"Write, write, write."

"Well, spirit of angel or devil, come and do your will. I'm in the mood to-night."

She takes up her pencil and writes.

"Salome, Salome, what has my child done that was aught but good to thee?"

She reads, and holding up the paper, reads aloud, and a trembling fear steals over her. She writes again and reads:

"Evil has turned your mind against her, and you judge her feelings toward you by your own toward her. This is the universal attitude of falsity toward truth, evil toward good. Evil obsesses the individual, and being antagonistic to good, persuades him that good is opposed to him. The sinner knows he has offended God, and therefore thinks God is angry with him, and so invests the true relation of infinite goodness with finite weakness."

And now she asked herself why she hated Ruby. She

knew that she did hate her, but she did not yet understand that she hated her as naturally as evil hates good, as base ingratitude hates the hand that feeds and clothes it. She believed Ruby to be rich; she hated her for that. She knew she was beautiful; she hated her for that. She believed her to be of high, perhaps noble birth; she hated her still more for that. Above all she hated her that she had found out her father and her degraded home. If she had attended to her own business, she, Salome, would have worked her way up above those low surroundings and risen to be her equal, and then she could have returned this loan with pride, she could even have been gracious to her. As it was she would never forgive her for thus humiliating her.

But this paper, these words, "What has my child done that was aught but good to thee?" came to her as the voice once spoke, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

All night long her sleep was disturbed by broken visions wherein the dead teacher and his beautiful daughter seemed to lift her out of quagmires and place her on a smooth path; but no sooner did she plant her feet firmly than she walked away from them only to fall again, when at last they succeeded in carrying her up on a mountain where she saw a glorious sunrise that flooded her heart with joy. She turned to thank them then, and lo! they were gone, and she awoke.

Salome had not idled away her time. She worked with the desperation of one who feels that work alone can give freedom, — aye, and she went further, for she wanted and would be satisfied with nothing less than power. Her manager was enthusiastic, and hailed, as the eager astronomer each new star that appears in the firmament, this one, and watched and waited to see it blaze into a glory that should dim all other stars upon the modern stage. Salome was wholly and entirely absorbed in her work during the week save when these bitter thoughts of home and Ruby came. She was not happy, but elated at the hope of success. One Sunday morning, as was her wont, she went out. She had visited all the places of note in and about London and gathered in every way all the information she could from every available source. But now St. Paul's did not attract her. She had heard the voice again say "*Write.*" It tormented her often and often, and when she obeyed, wrote always something that troubled her, and she resolved to pay no heed again. She did not go to church because she believed any-

thing she heard, but the English and the music were good, and she saw well-dressed people there. This morning her heart was troubled. The relaxation from the strain of a week's work made her sad and languid; and when in her stroll she came upon a little chapel, she stopped and listened to the music, and the words came distinctly to her ear:

"The Lord is in his holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before him."

She had heard it only once before, and that was in the Temple when Mr. Goode played and Ruby, standing on the altar, had raised her beautiful voice and given words to the grand music of the organ. A moment and her wonderful memory recalled the very scenes and sensations of that morning, — Ruby, in her statuesque loveliness, standing amid the rich hangings about the altar, the sun pouring his bright rays through the stained windows, the peal of the organ that floated over the palms and flowers and found words when it struck the heart of the young girl. Salome's eyes were bright with tears, and she stole quietly in. She did not notice who made room for her, but sat down quite subdued, her mind in a channel different from the one in which it had been for many months. The pastor was one worthy the office he filled.

"He is worse than a heathen who refuseth to care for his own." The discourse was upon the duty of parents to children in their youth, in tenderly caring for and educating them so as to meet and overcome the temptations of life, and the reward they should have in love and gratitude in after life. It was pathetic, powerful, and instructive, showing that the first and most lasting duty began in the home and family, and that to neglect or refuse to perform this duty placed parents lower in the scale than the most benighted heathen.

When she turned to leave the church after the service was over she heard her own name spoken, and looking up, saw that Mr. Goode had occupied the seat beside her. The day before, yea, that very morning, she would have been impelled to turn from him, for her hatred of Ruby had extended to her friends; but now the words of the pastor still rang in her ears and she held out her hand. Mr. Goode walked with her, and finally she said:

"I have seemed ungrateful, but I want to prove my strength and let you all see whether I have employed my time in work or not."

"We do not doubt it. Miss Gladstone is well satisfied with the report your manager sends. She often expresses every confidence in your ability and success."

After a silence he said:

"There are others in the family who have done still better, although you are worthy of much praise."

Salome's face darkened, but the good angel prompted her to ask, "Which of them?"

"All of them. You would not recognize your own father and mother. He is a sober, industrious man. Your mother, too, is well and happy, and Miss Ruby is training the little folk in all useful things. You must know she has not been idle."

"Salome, Salome, what has my child done aught but good to thee?"

She had expected letters from Ruby containing lessons of warning or advice, but no message ever came. Silence had been repaid with silence, and she believed Ruby to have the same feelings toward her as she felt toward Ruby. She supposed that the latter would take great credit some day in having made a great actress of her. She never dreamed that she toward whom all her bitterness flowed spent an hour each day in the home from which she turned with loathing and disgust, teaching Lois to cook meats, eggs, make soup, bread, and cheap little desserts, showing her always how to save little mother's money and yet give her the very nicest of dinners, how to keep a household expense book; all of which had to be dexterously managed, for little mother was proud and sensitive, and would quickly resent a word, look, or deed that seemed to infringe upon her rightful domain, — the very kind of person most difficult to reach with lessons of helpfulness. Ruby's only road to success was through Lois herself, — to interest her and give her praise, and rouse her pride in home. She gave her flowers and plants, told her a palm was grander than a table, a rose more beautiful than a fancy stool or chair; and the dull old house slowly began to wear a look of home.

Little mother, as Ruby now called her, was not strong, and Ruby remonstrated with her for her long hours of work, early and late, but in vain, — that heroic spirit could do nothing unless it were overdone.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

BY MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

I love my country, love the spot of earth
Where I was born. The very fact of birth
Makes me to love it; 'tis my fatherland.
Things to my eyes familiar on each hand
Draw sympathetic tears.
My heart is touched to look on scenes I know
From boyhood; as with fears
We view strange faces and strange customs, so
Propinquity endears.

I love my country; I would have it be
The guardian of all men's liberty.
Slaves, once they reach it, are no longer slaves
Oh, let it stretch its arm across the waves
And stay the oppressive hand
Of tyranny, beneath whatever name,
Pretence, or banner; and
Of such a land, 'twere glory to proclaim:
"This is my native land!"

I love my country, and in him I see
My country's most insidious enemy
Who seeks its privileges to confine
To those of Anglo-Saxon race and mine.
We guard our liberties
When all men's freedom as our own we prize.
Himself he only frees
Who frees all others; we must recognize
No narrow boundaries.

I love my country; let it be so wide
That in it all men everywhere may hide.
I grow with it; increase its domination
And citizens are lifted with the nation.
It is worth while to fight
To free ourselves by making others free,
So that in all men's sight
To go wherever one may list may be
Not privilege but right.

I love my country; I would make it great
Beyond the limits of a petty state.
All they who wish their fellows to be free
Should constitute this sovereign state with me.
Hereditry or chance
Of birth or language would not do alone;
But dwellers in all lands
Should join us, shouting: "Earth shall be our own—
And every other man's!"

The world's my country; I am citizen
Of no mean nation, and my countrymen
Are all earth's denizens save them alone
Who will not all men's equal freedom own.

Let at their heads be hurled
The righteous vengeance of the good and great
Until all flags be furled
In universal peace, and one free state
Encompasses the world!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN IDEAL REPUBLIC.*

REVIEWED BY JAMES G. CLARK.

A new literature always precedes and accompanies social and political revolution, especially where reform comes to stay.

Revolutions, when based on intelligence, "never go backward."

In summing up the influence of the vast and rapidly growing mass of reform literature now flooding Christian civilization, we must accord a high place to men like Bellamy, Howells, Garland, and other writers of realistic fiction on social and economic lines, for they reach a large class of readers who are not influenced or attracted by statistics and political economy data unless they can plainly trace their tendencies in the operations of common social and emotional experience.

Social Democracy — in whose absence community and national happiness and permanency are impossible, and in whose warm and living presence "all things are possible" — can never succeed our existing chaos and confusion until its principles and spirit are discussed in the home and by the fireside no less than in the councils of Church and State.

Corwin Phelps, a quiet, unassuming member of the Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Cal., has recently written and published a story of some four hundred pages, entitled "An Ideal Republic," which I regard as essentially the most valuable contribution yet made to that class of reform fiction which the editor of *THE ARENA* has very aptly styled "Social Visions."

The statement in the Hebrew Scriptures, that Samson created consternation in the commissary department of the enemies of the Israelites by entering and setting on fire the tails of three hundred foxes, and then turning the excited torch-bearers loose in the ripened grain fields of the foe, has long been the subject of much wonder and more or less doubt.

Nevertheless, Mr. Phelps has performed a greater feat in his story of "An Ideal Republic," by gracefully and artistically combining in a single volume the tails of a legion of financial foxes that have been preying upon the public welfare for many centuries. And our soldier-author has one advantage over Samson, for he makes his characters catch the foxes and fire their tails; and when the animals get abroad in the corn of our commercial Philistines there will be not only music in the air, but new light on subjects that men like Cleveland, Carlisle, Sherman and company are still trying to clothe with mystery.

The economic hits and thrusts in the book are numerous and most pointed, and yet so naturally, incidentally, not to say fascinatingly,

* "An Ideal Republic," by Corwin Phelps. Paper cover, 50 cents. W. L. Reynolds, 267 South Lincoln Street, Chicago.

introduced and manipulated, that the reader accepts and absorbs the moral without question or mental discussion, so that before one is really aware that reform medicine has been taken the dose has begun to operate and benefit the patient. Herein lies the power of the book, which is destined to have a wide circulation and a most salutary influence.

The story begins in the United States and culminates in South Africa in the creation of "an ideal republic," the conception and evolution of which are so natural, easy, and logical that the reader is forced to accept it as the hygienic remedy for existing social and civil evils and to wonder it had not been conceived and organized ages ago, for it seems to justify the assumption expressed in the book's sub-title, which is "The Way Out of the Fog." The story may be said to have two heroes and two heroines, whose characters are well sustained and in a manner that causes the reader's interest to grow more intense to the very end.

The evolution of the national bank and the single gold standard idea, with their inevitable brood of millionnaires and armies of paupers and dependents, forms the moral warp and purpose of the work; and through it all are interwoven in a most ingenious manner many and varied phases of the economic questions now being discussed and analyzed as never before in all history.

Mr. Phelps proves himself a master of his theme and an adept in the rare gift of presentation and statement.

Here are some extracts selected at random:

OVER-PRODUCTION.

There were a few old Greenbackers in the neighborhood, and they were constantly twitting the Republicans about the scarcity of money, hard times, and low prices, and asserting that Government had destroyed the money of the country when it was so much needed in circulation. For a long time these good, old, honest Republicans were at a loss for argument; it was hard to explain why there should be so much distress in the midst of plenty.

A great and extensive country, industrious people, good crops, a surplus of everything; gold and silver mines yielding millions of dollars monthly; at peace with the world; and in the midst of all these great blessings small business men were being forced to the wall, farmers, after working from daylight till dark to mature a crop, after selling the same at beggarly prices, were forced to mortgage their land to the bank or money-lenders for enough money to carry them through the winter; thousands of men out of employment; farmers in Kansas burning corn for fuel, while people in the cities were starving for bread.

How to account for all this misery in the midst of plenty, without everlastingly condemning John Sherman and other political leaders and other good Republicans, was a hard question to solve; but at last the solution came through the fertile brain of some good statesman and advocate of a gold standard, probably John Sherman.

The wisdom of these gold speculators is wonderful; they are like an oracle, there is nothing so absurd that they cannot explain it, and in a way favorable to themselves. And this great statesman in his speech which the gold power has had printed in all their papers, proved himself master of the situation and declared to the world the prime cause of the very remarkable depression in business.

"It is over-production," said he, "yes, over-production."

And here is the answer:

Gentlemen, admitting that over-production is the cause of our great financial distress, where shall we look for a remedy? A few years ago we had an over-production of greenbacks. It hurt no one but the bankers and money-lenders. It was very hard on them, so our lawmakers commenced destroying the greenbacks, and the times became better for the bondholders, bankers, and gold men. They have made millions and are growing richer every day. Now we have an over-production of everything but money; we have worked too hard and produced too much grain, too many horses, too many cattle, in fact, there is nothing that will sell.

There seems to be an over-production of men. Every one knows that there are too many men; half of them cannot get work. If destroying the money would make such good times for the bankers and men who have gold to loan, the same remedy ought to apply now. It is a parallel case. Then it was an over-production of money. To follow up the same plan in our case, we would have to insist upon the passing of an act in Congress similar to that authorizing the destruction of the greenbacks.

As there is an over-production of men, have a part of them destroyed; kill off all kinds of stock — cattle, hogs, and horses — until you bring about an equilibrium between property and money. You see there has been such an over-production of property and people, that the money which would be plentiful at one time will not do now.

So, gentlemen, it seems to me, it would be just as reasonable to destroy the people and property now, as it was to destroy the best money we had — the greenbacks. I would suggest that Government increase the circulation by issuing a new lot of greenbacks, buy up the Government bonds and stop the interest; then if the people complain of having too much money, I would suggest that they demonetize gold.

The reason why we always have good times after a war is not on account of the destruction, but because a large amount of money has been turned loose.

The following illustrates the pernicious influence of the pursuit of wealth upon the characters of millionnaires themselves:

"I cannot understand millionnaires, mother; they belong to churches, pray to God, help the poor; then go out and rob them; this must be true, for what is it but robbery to take what you don't earn?"

Mrs. Goldburg explained that these people had become so accustomed to handling large sums of money, that they do not realize that it is a crime to keep it from the people; never having suffered themselves, they do not appreciate the sufferings of others.

"Let me tell you what I think," said Rebecca. "I have often heard you say you believed when men handled an amount of money above a competency, it is gambling; men become blind to a sense of honor when they use money only to gratify a love for gain. I believe it becomes an incurable disease, for it is the spiritual man which is affected, and the cause which makes its existence possible should be removed. A law which makes one man's condition better without injuring another must be a good law; so I believe the best law that could be invented would be to prevent any one man from owning more money or property than would place him and his family above want. This would save the millionaire the trouble of handling so much money and would give others a chance to accumulate enough to make themselves and their families comfortable."

"When our capital amounted to \$100,000," said Mrs. Goldburg, "we could live in perfect splendor, have everything the heart craved, and your father had a little time to devote to comfort and enjoyment. I believe it was better."

"I agree with an article I read not long ago that every man is debased

who makes or handles liquor in any way; it seems the same to me about surplus wealth; when men have all the money they can use for comfort or pleasure, they should turn their attention to benefiting mankind; all gain above that is simply usurpation of power that should only belong to the Government; it is all stolen goods and, like the liquor traffic, debases every man who indulges in it or engages in it. The tendency of a man, after he has accumulated wealth, is to become hard-hearted and arbitrary.

"It may all be my imagination, but it seems to me that since father has become a millionaire he has become cold toward his neighbors and has also changed his feelings toward us, so that love, if it exists at all, is in the background. This is not only so in our family, but in every family of my acquaintance, where ladies delight in show to the exclusion of all noble sentiments, they enjoy a measure of happiness, but it is small compared to the joy which comes from doing good. How any one can reconcile want, wealth, and Christianity, is more than I can see.

"If you were to tell any of the bankers of this town that the Bible is false, that Christ was an impostor, they would denounce you as they do Ingersoll and Tom Paine; and yet their actions are exactly the reverse of Christianity. To me it seems hypocrisy to profess Christianity and at the same time hoard up wealth while children are going hungry and half-clad.

"They try to deceive God and man, and their whole life is a fraud. In my father's case this love of gold has already become a disease, and I can trace its beginnings, until now it has reached its climax. When he was in only moderate circumstances, my every wish was gratified, but now in order to establish something like a family dynasty which will continue to wield a power to collect rents, take interest, and oppress the poor for all time to come after he is gone, he would sacrifice all my feelings, all my affections, and marry me to a man whose only recommendation is that he is the son of a millionaire.

"Mother, it makes me sad when I think of all these things, and when I see how cold father has become toward us, how he walks the floor at the dead hour of night because some tenant of his in Oregon had failed to pay his rent, his excuse being that a flood had destroyed his crop. He walks the floor and worries; says he did not agree to keep down the river; because they lost their crop they wish to beat him out of his rent."

Here is a reference to the financial condition in 1866:

Money was plenty and everybody busy. It is a coincidence well worth noting that never in the history of the United States have the people enjoyed such a wonderful degree of prosperity as at this time, when the iron chains by which Shylock held the people in financial bondage had, by the greed, cowardice, and want of patriotism on the part of the bankers, been temporarily severed, and the Government without Shylock's consent had become so bold as to issue an abundance of money that bankers could not entirely control. Hence the contraction act became a necessity to the nobility, and all the bankers and bondholders, aristocrats, money-changers, and gold-gamblers of the civilized world united in one common brotherhood to rob the American people of the good conditions and the prosperity that evolution had brought about. As these fiends of hell, paupers who had lived for years from the earnings of others, had by usury, trickery, bribery, class legislation, and fraud secured possession of all the gold on earth, they wished through it to control the business of the world, as they had done for ages.

While the people of the United States had plenty of legal-tender greenbacks that would pay debts, taxes, buy goods, in fact do anything that money can do, even buy gold if it was necessary, their gold would remain in the vaults uncalled for, hence it would become necessary to

destroy the greenbacks and base all values on gold. Why base on gold? Because the Shylocks had all the gold stored up in their vaults, and it would have remained out of use without legislation in its favor, and been valuable in the United States only as a commodity. And how base on gold? Simply by making gold a legal tender, destroying all other legal-tender money, and make all debts, both public and private, payable only in gold, and the job is done. Easy, is it not, and simple? Any man can understand that if he has to have gold to pay taxes, to pay notes, and to buy the necessities of life, and Shylock owns the gold, he has a one-sided deal on hand, for gold he must have, — the law demands it. Shylock then says that money is scarce; give me your wheat for fifty cents a bushel, your cotton for five cents a pound, and if you do not have money enough to pay your taxes and keep your family clothed, we will lend you money at a good round interest and take a mortgage on your farm. If you can't afford to pay your help good wages you can make them work for what they can eat, for eat they must.

They would have us believe that no one but a Sherman or a banker can understand these things, but we all know that when we had plenty of legal-tender greenbacks we did not need gold, and as the bankers have the gold, why not let them keep it? We do not want it. We do not need it, and the sooner we demonetize gold the sooner we will destroy the money power and burst the shackles from 65,000,000 of financial slaves.

When there were plenty of legal-tender greenbacks in circulation there were good times throughout the whole country; as fast as they were withdrawn, we returned to gold panics, bank failures, low prices, want, and enforced idleness. And the wise statesman tells us that it is over-production. What a fertile brain it must have taken to make such a discovery!

Think of it, people starving because crops are too good! (what a blessed thing it would be to have a famine!), and people going poorly clad because there has been such an over-production of clothing — bosh!

Speaking of the new settlers that flocked to the "ideal republic" in South Africa, the book says:

A large part of the farmers who came were from the United States; a majority were men who had owned valuable lands and farms there, and during the war, when money was plenty, had become involved, generally from improving their property or buying new machinery to facilitate labor; but in consequence of sickness, fire, flood, storm, or other unforeseen circumstances were unable to meet the full obligation when due, and before another opportunity was offered the circulating medium was withdrawn through the enforcement of the contraction act, and their productions went down in price to such an extent as to make the payment of debt and interest impossible. They were therefore forced by circumstances which they could not control to sell their homes for what they could get, and their losses went into the coffers to swell the fund that produced the present crop of millionaires.

Those who recognize the fact that money is not a commodity of value, like a book account, but is in itself valueless; that it is only a means, a method, a tool as it were, that has no value except where it can be used in actual transactions of business or to accomplish the purpose for which it was designed; that as you take the tool from the workman it makes him helpless, so when you withdraw money from its usual channels of circulation, the people are paralyzed, small enterprises are wrecked, panic ensues and millionaires take to themselves the shattered fragments, — yes, those who realize all these facts already know that this young Republic recognized money, not as a thing of intrinsic value, but, on the contrary, only as a means, a method, a tool, and supplied it to the people through a regular business system, that not only sent it

to the people through a regular business system, that not only sent it out among the people, but also brought it back into the treasury, and as the heart circulates the blood through the human system, so the treasury through its carefully arranged business methods forced the circulating medium into every extremity, into every nook and corner, there to do its work, and in due time return only to be sent out again. The great trouble with the United States Government is that its heart has been dragged into Wall Street and sometimes fails to throb.

It is impossible to do anything like justice to the book by quoting from its pages. One can only get at its true force and spirit by reading it from beginning to end, for it develops an exceedingly interesting plot, that can only be appreciated by reading it as a whole.

A ROMANCE OF NEW VIRGINIA.*

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

This is a work which will find no favor among extreme realists, for it is a pronounced idealistic and romantic novel of uncommon strength and power, and it seems fitting just here to make an observation bearing upon current criticism.

At the time when the romantic school in France, under the masterly lead of Hugo and a brilliant coterie of writers of exceptional ability, rattled the dead bones of the worshipping devotees of classicism and gave a new impulse to the literature of their nation, slothful conservatism, in its favorite pastime of garlanding the past and libelling the present, became enraged with these disturbers of ancient forms, and no terms were sufficiently savage or contemptuous to apply to the new school. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the young blood of France was not slow to take up the gauntlet and wage a determined warfare.

During recent years realists or veritists have been savagely criticised by representatives of idealism and romanticism and the apostles of the classic school, and in turn the new school has not been wanting in its wholesale denunciation of all who failed to view literature from their vantage ground. We have been told by the enthusiasts of the new school that Dickens, Scott, and Bulwer were valueless, and that even Shakespeare was *passé*, while idealists, no matter how noble or how thoroughly in alignment they have been with human progress, have been dismissed with contempt. Critics in literature, as partisans in politics and enthusiasts in religion, seem, usually, incapable of impartially viewing the work of one who represents a school of thought or expression differing from theirs. Their visions have too frequently been limited to their own cult, and any one who spoke from another vantage ground has been condemned or treated with contempt. Inhospitability of thought and the general spirit of intolerance are ever unfortunate, it matters not where found.

The spectacle of Calvin being driven from his beloved France on

* "A Romance of New Virginia," by Martha Frye Boggs. pp. 369. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

account of religious persecution, and watering his footsteps with bitter tears, is very different from that presented by the same divine when we behold him compassing the death of Servetus and banishing holy men from Geneva because they failed to see as he saw. So our modern veritists, who have contributed strong, virile literature of positive and permanent value in the face of contempt, ridicule, and misrepresentation, present a very different spectacle when they arrogantly brush aside as worthless the works of Shakespeare, Bulwer, and Hugo.

The prefatory remarks I have felt it necessary to make render it impossible for me to warn our readers against that intolerant spirit which blinds the reason to merit outside its narrow range of vision. In viewing a work one should, it seems to me, sink as far as possible all prejudice or bias in regard to any *school of literature*, and criticise the work in question from the position of those who stand for the special school represented.

In "A Romance of New Virginia" we have a remarkably strong work of the romantic school, tinged with lofty idealism. If at times this volume is intensely exciting, the fine and pure spirit which permeates it more than counterbalances any charge of its being too exciting. In its wealth of imagination, no less than in its tendency to touch upon psychological themes, which are profoundly moving the best thought of our age, it strongly reminds one of Bulwer's powerful romances. These topics, however, are only incidentally dwelt upon; and while the spirit of the whole work is lofty there is little or no preaching to be found within its covers. The local color is very fine, and there is just enough negro dialect introduced to brighten the story without in any way palling upon the reader.

The first two chapters, in my judgment, are not quite up to the succeeding pages, and this of course is unfortunate; but when one has become fairly acquainted with the heroine, there is small chance that he will be willing to bid her adieu until the shadows, the mystery, and the manifold perplexities are dispelled and the great soul-yearning of a high-minded woman finds its fruition. This work I believe will have a large sale among those who wish to forget for a time the wearing cares of life to-day and who enjoy a strong, exciting love story which is marked by loftiness and purity of thought.

A SPIRITUAL TOUR OF THE WORLD.*

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

This work impresses me as of especial interest to all persons who are attracted by the higher spiritual philosophy. It combines in a striking manner the occidental and oriental thought, logic, and intuition. The author is evidently a strong believer in evolution, and examines life from its earliest state to the clothing of the mortal with immortality or the entrance of the spirit into the region of perfect harmony, where it becomes

* "A Spiritual Tour of the World in Search of the Line of Life's Evolution," by Otto A. De La Camp. pp. 207. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

as one with God through its elimination of the selfish elements which create discord and inharmony. In many respects this work resembles Dr. Drummond's "Ascent of Man," and yet it is much broader in its concepts and not quite so rigidly scientific, or perhaps I might say it does not elucidate the demonstrations of evolutionary teachings as does Dr. Drummond's work. I have not the time at present to review the book as I should wish. Sufficient to say, however, that all persons interested in a careful, compact, philosophical treatise of life which conforms to the most advanced scientific teachings of the evolutionary school and which is none the less in alignment with the highest spiritual philosophy both of occidental and oriental civilizations, cannot afford to overlook this volume. It is clear, compact, and logical.

A SPIRITUAL TOUR OF THE WORLD.*

REVIEWED BY JULIA A. DAWLEY.

A formidable title, this, to a by no means remarkable-looking book, of which the author declares in a letter to the publisher that it is "a well-founded and well-connected thought-form, reflecting in large lines the life of the universe so far as man can comprehend the same," which comes to the world through conscious mediumship of the one who wrote it. He naïvely adds that the reader is not to notice the size of the load placed upon him as a *burden*, his courage being renewed by the reassuring presence of the "guide," and hopes the reviewer will read carefully and be guided aright by her own judgment.

With a mental aspiration for such guidance, then, we set out on a tour with this man, who admits himself a conscious medium, although he was not a Spiritualist until he had arrived at the last chapter, who expects "by searching to find out God,"—a proceeding which seems to have appeared doubtful to patient Job's well-meaning, if somewhat overzealous, friend Zophar.

The author claims at the outset that when the conception that desired life and happiness is the ultimate fate of all created beings "becomes inseparable from our inner life, we shall feel that our travels and attention have not been in vain," which seems promising, certainly, at the start.

The first chapter deals, very properly, with the trinity of causes in one first Great Cause,—Space, Substance, and Motion,—acknowledged by all teachers of occult things so far as known by this reviewer—who used, when she was too young to comprehend the rapid reading of the decalogue in church about "the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all *that in them is*," to think that God made all the things she could see, and all the rest was "*in the miz*," a sort of mysterious limbo, subject to neither God nor devil, from which might be evolved anything else imaginable,—something like our author's idea of the world's fundamental principles,

* "A Spiritual Tour of the World in Search of the Line of Life's Evolution," by Otto A. De La Camp. 207 pages. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

"where the world's secret is anchored," as he expresses it—the Akasa of Pythagoras, perhaps. "Whatever is to be," he says, "cannot come into being in any other way than by the will of this one power which we recognize as the supreme Law."

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

Is it not all the same, the teaching of the heathen (?), the occultist, the Pentateuch, — all acknowledging without in the least comprehending the "Being whom we call God, and know no more"?—

The explanation given of the state of clairvoyance and the condition where time is no more (pp. 15–17), but only an inevitable and indestructible ONCE, is very fine.

But if, through the assistance of his guide, Mr. De La Camp has reached the same conclusion as to the ideal nature of the world which most of the great philosophers, theosophists, occultists, etc., have reached through other means, he has certainly made a very logical presentation of his theory in these first few pages, which many of the aforesaid philosophers, theosophists, and others have failed to do in several bulky, not to say ponderous, volumes, while they have filled the minds of their readers and students with much of what seems to busy people useless rubbish.

"All life is a mode of motion," we are told, and "what variety of motion and velocity!"—not a point anywhere which is not being traversed by some kind of matter in motion, straight or curved, slow or fast"—the ceaseless law of vibration.

The theory of the great Central Sun, so well set forth and illustrated in Dr. J. C. Street's "Hidden Way," Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds," and other modern works, since it was resolved to make known the Secret Doctrine, so long hidden in mystery and taught only orally, seems to have been known to the "guide" of our author, and is well and tersely explained in Chapter III, which is an introduction to the story of the Evolution of Life.

There is not in all the book one thought which is not familiar to any occultist; but the teachings are so well and tersely set forth, the style so dignified, yet simple, the whole work so free from pretentious effort to display the writer's erudition, so evidently sincere, that it is indeed no burden, but only a pleasure, to read it. No soul sufficiently awakened to understand the first twenty pages can fail to grasp the whole meaning of the author, or to admire his style, even if inherited beliefs and habits of thought stand in the way of complete acceptance of his views; and in these busy, hurrying days it is good to turn, for even a brief hour or two, from the accustomed routine of life and cursory reading to a patient examination of a subject which cannot fail to be of interest to any but the most superficial reader of light literature.

There is not a word about religion in the book, yet it is profoundly religious without bigotry, logical without dulness, uplifting without sentimentality, and comforting without vagueness and delusion.

The description of the person who has attained the higher form of

life (Chapter XVIII) and thus made of himself a *mediator* instead of a *medium* "developed" by any other and less scrupulous means, should be read by all investigators of psychical phenomena, and Chapter XIX is worthy of careful study by all mediums, containing, as it does, a truly much-needed warning, which "he who runs may read," as every honest medium or investigator can testify.

The beautiful theory of the ascent of the perfected, lonely soul to union with its counterpart or archetype, in harmonious attunement of the bi-sexual energies, — the loves of the angels, — is hinted at in the closing chapters, which the reviewer would gladly transcribe if her notice were not already much longer than she usually writes. She reluctantly closes this remarkable book, whose only dull page is its title-page, which, like the unhandsome deal door of those temporarily closed houses in the Back Bay, opens into roomy and luxurious rooms where beautiful vistas of far-off sunsets and distant glories may be seen, if one *opens out the shutters and lets in the light*.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

I.

Some Facts on Finance for Thinking Americans.

United States Senator William M. Stewart has put two vital facts in small compass in the following observations:

1. "Twenty years of profound peace and abundant harvests cannot be the cause of universal distress."
2. "The decay of civilization follows the continuous increase of the purchasing power of money as certainly as night follows day."

These facts should be burned into the brain of every toiler of America before he goes to the polls in November, that he may assist in overthrowing the gold ring and emancipating our great Republic from the ruinous rule of England and the American Tories, led by Wall Street's pliant tools, Cleveland and Sherman, the Standard Oil's *protégé*, Whitney, the Morgans and Belmonts of evil secret-bond-deal notoriety, the once bitter foe, but now willing henchman of the head of the present plutocratic administration, David Hill, the bosses, Hanna, Quay, and Gorman, and the "Judas of Kentucky." The Eastern Democrats vie with the Republican party in subserviency to the demands of the gamblers of Wall Street and the usurers of the Old World in the ruinous financial policy of the Bank of England. Is it not strange that the great creditor nation, England, which for a quarter of a century has been sucking the very life blood of the Republic, making it more and more a creditor nation, should be so solicitous that this country should not remonetize silver? Is it not stranger that the American Tories and the multi-millionnaires who are acquiring unearned millions, no less than the wealth-absorbers of Europe, by the ruin of America's wealth-creators, should parrot the catch-phrases of aliens and seek in every way possible to prevent the voter from thinking on the money question in any other channels than those of Lombard and Threadneedle Streets, London? What England wants America does not want, and England is bent on forcing on us the ruinous gold standard which is subjugating the Republic.

In this connection and in order to illustrate at once why England wants us to maintain gold monometallism and also to show forth the pitiful shallowness of an oft-repeated assertion of England's cuckoos in this land, I wish to give Senator Daniel's reply to one of the mouth-pieces of the gold ring—Senator Gray of Delaware—in the United States Senate in May of this year. In the course of a remarkably able address by the Senator from Virginia * Senator Gray interrupted with the following stock-in-trade gold-ring assertion:

I would ask the Senator would every bushel of grain raised by an American farmer and sold abroad have to be settled for upon gold prices? Then, if it has to be settled for upon a gold price, the merchant abroad

* Delivered May 27, 28.

who buys it will buy it upon the same terms he does now. The only thing you can argue is for the benefit of the farmer that you translate the gold price he may get into a silver price here; and whether that silver price will be worth more to him when he has less purchasing power, is a question I have not heard answered yet.

To which Senator Daniel replied in the following words:

The resistance in the British House of Commons to the whole theory of bimetallism was based upon the proposition which the Senator from Delaware is now denying. It was based upon the proposition that it would make Great Britain pay higher prices for all the produce which she buys from other nations. I will read the Senator a portion of the speech of Sir W. Harcourt, who addressed the House of Commons on that subject. He said:

There has been something said about England as the creditor country, and nobody who heard it will have forgotten that remarkable speech which was made by Mr. Gladstone in this House when he last spoke upon this subject, when he held up to the scorn of mankind the proposal that the great creditor country should go, hat in hand, to beg the world to pay 10 shillings in the pound. [Laughter.] That is practically the result that the bimetallic system would bring about. ["Hear! hear!"] Of course it is said we receive more for our money. The fact is, we are not paid in gold, as everybody knows, but in commodities. These are the commodities upon which our people live, and therefore we are to go round the world to beg them in return for the gold we have lent them to send fewer commodities. Is it possible to conceive idiocy going further than that? [Laughter and "Hear! hear!"] We, who have lent £100,000,000, perhaps £1,000,000,000, to foreign nations, are to beg them to give us less in exchange for that money than they do at present. ["Hear! hear!"] It is really hardly possible to state a case of that kind and imagine any person would adopt it. I know they say that under the bimetallic system silver will really be exactly worth as much as gold. If you believe that, will you show the sincerity of your belief by giving an option to the creditor as well as the debtor? ["Hear! hear!"]

Sir, there is my answer to your question. The declaration of the British gold-standard men, the open and declared purpose to buy from us all that they get cheaper, and the appeal to Britons to stand by them upon the ground that it would be idiocy for Great Britain to want to pay more — and while I would not use such a term as "idiocy," or use any term which might reflect upon honorable gentlemen who debate with me on this subject, I do say that it is the most singular piece of fatuity that I have ever seen for the great debtor nation of the world and the great productive nation of the world to be constantly laboring in its legislative bodies to increase the burden of those debts upon the people, and to change the standard of them in order to pay Britons \$2 where they owe \$1, and bear down the prices of their wheat and their corn and their iron and their wool and their cotton in the markets.

II.

Unmasked — A Sample of the Machinations of the Eastern Gold Ring in Their Endeavor To Control Conventions and Subvert the Republic.

I desire to call the attention of our readers to the following fac-simile of a letter sent out by the Chicago branch of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and furnished me by a friend in Illinois. It will be observed that not only does the notice come from President McCurdy of New York, but this representative of the gold ring promises to pay the cost of telegrams sent for the purpose of influencing the convention in behalf of the gold ring. This is a most striking illustration of how

the Eastern gold power works to subvert republican government by controlling conventions. Its baleful influence on the eastern press is no less painfully apparent. No truer words have ever been uttered than those of the president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York, when he declared before a congressional committee that the metropolitan and Eastern press protected their readers against intelligence on monetary matters, else the ruinous financial policy of the Bank of England and the American Tories could never have been pressed so mercilessly forward for a quarter of a century in the face of the growing discontent of the wealth-creators of the Republic.

Alliance General Agency
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.
Richard A. McCurdy, President.
Charles H. Ferguson
General Agent
Chicago, Ill. June 12th, 1895.
Charles H. Ferguson & Sons

President McCurdy of our Company wires us as follows:-

"Can you get representative citizens to telegraph delegates from your State at St. Louis urging strong money plank Will pay all tolls."

We repeat to you and ask you to wire us name and locality from which such request will go forward, and oblige,

Yours truly

Charles H. Ferguson & Sons.
General Agents.

Another illustration was given me in this line a short time ago by one of America's most brilliant and venerable United States Senators. It was a revelation of the way in which Eastern financiers were operating through the banks upon business men in the State in which this statesman resided to prevent his renomination by a threat of withdrawal of credits. Mr. C. C. Post, the well-known author, gave me a vivid account of several instances which had come under his personal notice in Georgia, where farmers who favored free silver had arranged to secure through the merchant in the nearest town the customary loan rendered necessary in recent years through the demonetization of silver, in order to raise the cotton crop. But when they went to have the papers and mortgage papers executed they were informed that the banks had refused to discount the paper because they favored free silver.

These illustrations are typical of the ways and means adopted by the

gold ring to completely subjugate the Republic. The voice of England and the voice of Wall Street are the same. The Rothschilds of Europe, the Morgans and Belmonts of New York, and the Eastern trusts and corrupt monopolies, all cry with one voice for gold monometallism. But the Judases in statecraft who for more than twenty-five years have sacrificed the people's cause at the cost of the prosperity and happiness of America's millions, no less than the sacrifice in so large a way of the independence and glory of the Republic, have a day of reckoning before them. The people have at length awakened.

III.

English Gold Against American Independence and Prosperity.

We are now in the midst of one of the most crucial periods which have marked the history of our Republic. The question as to whether or not the terrible social conditions which have been growing worse since the retirement of the greenback and the demonetization of silver shall be intensified and a plutocracy be firmly established on the ruins of the democracy of Jefferson and the republicanism of Lincoln, can no longer be evaded. The conflict of 1896 in some respects is not unlike the conflict which gained its splendid inspiration from the Declaration of 1776. British gold and American Tories are to-day arrayed against the sturdy growth of the New World; and as the people were deceived, trapped, and betrayed in the elder days, so for a quarter of a century they have been deliberately victimized by greed and gold. Now, however, the issue is clear-cut. The first great step toward the prosperity and happiness of the wealth-creators should be the issuance of an enlarged volume of the medium of exchange. This is by no means the only reform. We must have direct legislation and the people must have an opportunity to say whether or not they shall own and control the great natural monopolies, the controllers of which are fattening off the wealth-creators. Money, land, and transportation are fundamental issues, as are also direct legislation and the liquor problem; and a vigorous educational campaign should be carried on along all the lines for the purpose of instructing the people and awaking the conscience of the masses.

But inasmuch as the money question is the issue with which the people are most conversant, inasmuch as it is the outer rampart of the citadel of plutocracy, inasmuch as the lines of battle are already drawn upon this great issue and a union of wealth-creators means the first step toward securing prosperity, happiness, and the emancipation of the nation from the gold octopus, the question is simply, Shall we unite and conquer or divide and be overrun by a plutocracy which will become as merciless and essentially autocratic as the patricians of ancient Rome when they overturned the Gracchi? The gold power will not separate; it may pretend to, and *will* pretend to if such is deemed essential to compass its ends, but at the polls union will mark its action, as has ever been the case. If the people win in November there will be valid reason

for believing that republican institutions will not die from the face of the earth ; but to win this first great battle requires concentrated action. We cannot afford to divide our forces or fight one another. The peril of the Republic is too great to permit division of forces ; our allegiance to duty requires us to rise to the august demands of the hour. I yield to no man in my convictions regarding the fundamental issues I have mentioned, but I believe success lies in emphasizing at the polls the issue to the importance of which millions are alive, while we carry on a vigorous educational campaign for the triumph of other fundamental reforms.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Some Specially Interesting Features of this Number of The Arena.

In this issue of THE ARENA will be found an unusually varied table of contents, which will strongly appeal to all persons interested in social and economic questions. A few of the papers which deserve special mention are as follows:

I. *The Telegraph Monopoly* (Part VIII), a continuation of the remarkable series of papers on this subject by Prof. Frank Parsons, which are attracting such universal attention. This article transcends in interest all those that have preceded it, inasmuch as it contains an argument which, in the language of the author, "has a far wider application than the Telegraph Monopoly, viz., that a private monopoly involves the powers of taxation without representation for private purposes. Wherefore on the rightful principles of constitutional law as settled by our courts of last resort for centuries every franchise combination or agreement that tends to a private monopoly is void."

II. *A Reply to "A Financial Seer,"* by C. S. Thomas. Mr. Thomas, who is a prominent lawyer and a keen and logical thinker, in this paper exposes many of the fallacies of the upholders of gold monometallism and refutes their statements by a startling array of facts and figures gathered from the most authoritative sources.

III. *The Morning of a New Day*, by George Canning Hill, is another admirable paper on the financial problem from the point of view of a cultivated, scholarly Bostonian, who is also a member of the National American Bimetallic Union. Mr. Hill gives a clear, concise review of the currency question, and while realizing to the full the importance of the tremendous struggle which will be brought to an issue at the polls next November, he takes a strongly optimistic view of the

situation, and believes that if Americans are only true to themselves and true to the Republic, the outcome will be "the morning of a new day for America." Mr. Hill's style as a writer is so charming that, apart from its value to the controversy on the money question, his article cannot fail to interest.

IV. *Bibliography of Literature Dealing with the Land Question*. We desire to call special attention to this carefully compiled paper by Thos. E. Will, A. M., professor of Political Economy in the State Agricultural College of Kansas. Prof. Will is well known as one of the ablest lecturers and one of the most careful and authoritative writers on political economy and kindred subjects in this country. This paper is one of the first of a series of bibliographies of literature relating to vital social and economic problems which we hope to present to readers of THE ARENA from time to time. These papers will be of inestimable value to students, teachers, and all thinking men and women interested in social problems.

V. *Is the West Discontented?* This strong and convincing reply of Mr. John E. Bennett to a misleading article which appeared in the *Forum* has been crowded out for several months, owing to the great pressure of other vital topics which were up for discussion. Mr. Bennett, who has for many years been connected with the press as reporter, special correspondent, special writer, and editor, writes with the authority of one whose facts are gathered from personal observation and not from hearsay or interested sources.

VI. *Club Life versus Home Life*. In these days of universal clubdom, this thoughtful and carefully written paper by G. S. Crawford, in which he discusses the institution of the club from every point of view, impartially weighing its

advantages and disadvantages, will be of interest to all classes of readers. Many will differ from him in regard to some of the statements made, and the article will without doubt excite a great deal of controversy.

VII. *Notes by the Editor.* Those who wish to keep themselves informed in regard to the tactics resorted to by the men who are endeavoring to uphold the financial policy which is proving so disastrous to the country should not fail to read these notes. They will be amazed at the startling revelations they contain.

The balance of the articles in this issue are no less interesting and instructive than the several papers mentioned, but lack of space forbids our noticing them in detail. A glance at the titles on the cover page and the names of the authors, among whom will be found such noted writers as Helen H. Gardener, R. B. Marsh, A. M., M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Annie E. Cheney, etc., will convince our readers that no effort has been spared to make the August ARENA a brilliant number.

A Word About Mr. Hill.

Mr. George Canning Hill, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number, is a close student in active life and one of the numerous thinking Bostonians who have been intimate friends of such men as Longfellow, Holmes, and others of those who made Boston the literary centre of the New World. He is a man of strong convictions, as pronounced as Wendell Phillips, and thoroughly incorruptible. He is the Massachusetts member of the National American Bimetallic Union.

Comforts on the Norwich Line.

The pleasantest route of travel between New York and Boston is by the Norwich Line of steamers, connecting with the New England Railroad. The steamers are the swiftest on the Sound, having rooms large and clean with beds a luxury to sleep on, and the entire service is excellent.

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